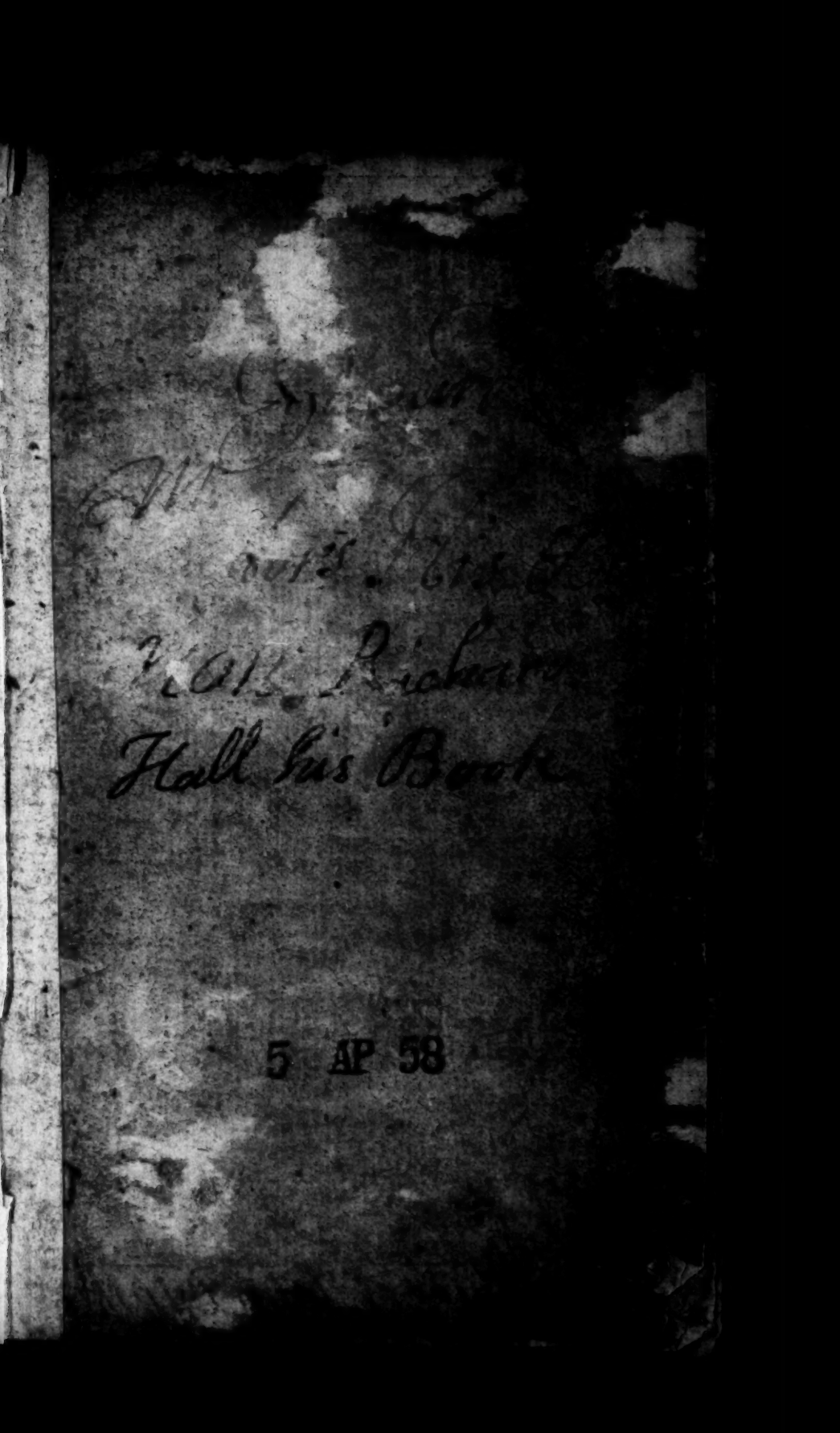
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The Effigies of John Bunyan

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS WORLD TO THAT which is to Come:

Deliver'd under the

SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM:

Wherein is Discovered,

The Manner of his Setting out,
His Dangerous Journey,
AND
Safe Arrival at the Desired Country.

By JOHN BUNYAN.

And now done into VERSE.

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LONDON:
Printed by R. *Tookey*, and are to be Sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *West*[illegible]. 1706.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
1838

John Coleman

THE AUTHOR'S *APOLOGY* FOR HIS BOOK.

WHen Things Divine I first began to write,
I understood not what I should indite,
And little thought this in the manner here,
Would prove a Piece in Publick to appear;
For I another Subject undertook,
Which this supplanted, and became a Book:
How that was left and this was made my Theam
Was unawares, as Drousy People dream:
For, writing that but with a drooping Quill,
('Twas of the Way of Saints to Sion's Hill,)
My Subject dropt into an Allegory
Concerning them, and of their Way to Glory:

The Author's Apology for his Book.

My Method chang'd, I sweetly did proceed,
Of studious force my Fancy had no need;
To make of Thoughts a long Laborious Chain,
Now 'twas attended with a willing Train:
With easy speed I my first Thoughts exprest,
On after them still the succeeding prest;
The Gen'rous Truths being forward to appear,
To bless and comfort such as have an Ear:
Yet thought I not my Writings to disclose,
And private Thoughts to Publick View expose;
Nor for another's Pleasure, only I
My own Diversion did intend hereby;
Therefore, but vacant Seasons in it spent,
That thus my Mind being oft on Heaven intent,
Might worser Thoughts more pleasantly avoid,
And be to gain the better Part employ'd:
At length I finish'd what I had begun,
And with my Pilgrim *thro' his Troubles run*
To whom I having prov'd a Faithful Friend,
And seen him safely to his Journey's End,
Since it is all Men's Int'rest to obtain
The Heaven and Happiness I saw Him gain.
His History and Pilgrimage I show'd,
That it might be condemn'd or be allow'd.
One Part said Print it, others it decry'd,
Some said it would do good, which some deny'd:
I seeing them divided to Extreams,
Could from them hope no Favour but the Flames;

Resolvi

Reſolving ſince Two Parties could not do't,
Being Third my ſelf, to give the Caſting Vote
And have it Printed, for I thought that I
Should be unjuſt did I not gratify
Such as were willing to accept my Mite,
And ſeem'd to reliſh it with vaſt Delight,
Which could not give ſo great offence to thoſe
Who did my Publiſhing hereof oppoſe,
Becauſe I knew they might, when all was done,
If pleaſed, let the reading it alone:
To Principles of Moderation I
To bring them, thus Expoſtulated, Why
May I not write in ſuch a ſtrain as this,
And yet not of my good Intention miſs
Of ſerving all? Why may it not be done?
Dark Clouds bring Water, when the bright bring none.
But Dark or Bright, if both their Silver Drops
Joyntly diſtill, the Earth by yielding Crops,
Returns her Smiles to both and ev'ry Field,
After kind Show'rs, preſent the Fruit they yield;
As o'er the Earth dark Clouds weep not in vain,
So may my honeſt Labours Profit gain;
Yea, more than thoſe High-flying Clouds ſo bright,
Which ſeldom prove but Triſles in the Light.
Mind but a Fiſherman, what ways he takes
To catch the Fiſh, what Inſtruments he makes,
What Arts he uſes, and what Baits he gets;
What various Sorts of Gins, Pots, Hooks and Nets:

Yet Fish there be that neither Hook nor Line,
Art, Net, or Bait, can ever make 'em thine;
Only their nat'ral Food can them entice:
So some there be with nothing pleas'd but Vice.
How does the Fowler seek to catch his Game
By many ways, too numerous to name?
His Gun, his Net, his Lime-Twigs, Light and Bell,
He creeps, he goes, he runs, he rides; to tell
Of all his Methods would your Patience tire,
Yet oft does miss Fowls he does most desire.
So I, tho' ne'er so much to do't inclin'd,
Expected not to pleasure all Mankind.
What tho' I to the Learn'd Illit'rate seem,
I shall be had by good Men in Esteem:
The meanest Out-sides oftentimes include
The noblest Treasures and the chiefest Good.
The Race is not unto the Swift confin'd,
Nor Victʼry only to the Strong inclin'd;
Nor have best Artists still the most Reward;
But no good Thing they want that fear the Lord:
On him I all my Expectation ground,
By whom alone we with Success are Crown'd.
The Wise and Good will not my Work disdain,
Because it is so honest and so plain,
If they therein can find Truths that excell
What does in high, but empty Notions dwell.
Still some may cry, We are not satisfy'd
Your Book the Test of Censure will abide.

It

It is not only Dark say they, but Feign'd,
You only think, because you're shallow brain'd,
Mysterious Truths are Fictions: *You Ye Fools,*
By Similes *are serv'd as Trees serve Owls:*
Th' Half-sighted Flowls i' th' Light against them fly,
As you Half-wits against a Simily:
But know, that Words more darkly viel'd than mine,
Have made the Truth more bright than Day-light shine;
And Truth with Ornaments of Nature Cloath'd
Succeed, when Naked Truth's abhorr'd and loath'd.
Solidity *indeed becomes the Pen*
Of those that publish Sacred Truths to Men;
But must he needs want Weightiness who draws
Truth to the Life by Nat'ral Things? The Laws
Of God of Old, were wholly shadow'd forth
By outward Types and Metaphors, whose worth
No Men of Understanding thought the less
Divine or Pure, tho' Clad in Nature's Dress,
But wondred rather Highest Wisdom should
So condescend, her Glories to unfold.
Thro' Calves and Sheep, the Heifers, Goats and Rams,
Birds, Sacrifices, Herbs and Blood of Lambs;
Thro' these God speaks, and they are wise and blest
Who find the Light and Grace thro' them expres't:
Be not too forward therefore to conclude
There's no true Weight in a Similitude.

The Author's Apology for his Book.

Things should not for meer outward shew be priz'd,
Nor Truths in Parables obscur'd despis'd,
Least Things most hurtful lightly we receive,
And of the best of Things our Souls bereave.
My dark and cloudy Words but choicely hold
The Truth, as Cabinets incloſe the Gold.
The Prophets us'd by Metaphors to tell
Their Antient Truths. They'll find who weigh it well,
To Earthly Minds the Truth himself our Lord
Without a Parable ne'er spoke a word.
Am I afraid to say of Holy Writ,
Whoſe pow'rful Stile out-shines all Humane Wit,
That all its Truths thro' Nature are disclos'd,
Like Christ, the Truth i'th' Veil of Fleſh enclos'd;
Who thro' it did such Glorious Light display,
As will convert our Mortal Night to Day.
Let ev'ry Critick view his Life's dark Line,
They'll find their own worse than the worſt of mine;
And that the pureſt Act of them affords
More Cause of shame than any of my Words.
May we but stand before impartial Men,
I to their One will dare adventure Ten;
And that more Subſtance true adorns my Lines
Than all their Idols in Diana's Shrines
Tho' Silver'd o'er; they are but Wood and Stone,
For such as taſt not Life, to gaze upon.
Truth do's, altho' in Ragged Dreſs, you'll find,
Inform the Judgment, rectify the Mind,

The

The Understanding please, and make the Will
Submit to God, with Good the Mem'ry fill;
The Mind with noble Contemplations please,
And all the Troubles of our Breasts appease.
Sound Words I know a Timothy *must use,*
And Old Wives Fables, which are vain, refuse;
But yet Grave Paul *him no where has forbid*
The Use of Parables, in which are hid
True Gold, True Pearls, and Precious Stones, which
(are
Worth diging for with all our Strength and Care:
I'll say but little more, O Man of God,
Does it offend, and seem unto thee odd
I put the Truth in such unpriestly Dress,
And in Mysterious Terms my self express
To you who are my Betters, as 'tis fit?
Three Things let me propose, then I submit.

1. *I find not that I am deny'd the Use*
Of this my Method, so I none abuse:
For, 'tis I find by Christ's Example, good
To use a Figure and Similitude;
If off his Veil the Righteous Sun had turn'd,
His Glorious Brightness would the World have burn'd;
Therefore, he thro' dark Parables conveys
Almighty Truth in sweet redeeming Rays.

2. *I find that Men in Dialogues declare*
What otherwise the Reader would not bear;
But if in such Discourses Men abuse
The real Truth, curs'd be the Craft they use:
Yet Reader, ne'ertheless, let Truth have free
Unbiast Intercourse 'twixt Me and Thee.

3. *I find both Testaments, the Old and New,*
Exemplify the Method I pursue,
And yet obstruct not Truth's redeeming Beams,
But shadow us from its too strong Extreams,
Who else could bear its Everlasting Flames,
Which shine thro' Nature for our greatest Good,
To nourish all Degrees with fittest Food?

To end th' Apology I undertook,
I'll to thee shew the Profit of my Book,
Committing thee and it into his Hand
Who hates the Proud, by Faith makes weak ones stand.

First it describes and sets before thine Eyes
The Man that seeks the Everlasting Prize;
From whence he comes, and whither 'tis he goes,
Who are his Friends, Companions, and Foes,
What Hardships do a Pilgrim's Life attend,
What Glories Crown his Suff'rings in the End.
It shews how some set out for Life amain,
As if they would the Crown of Life obtain;

And

And shews the Cause to Sense and Reason, why
They lose their Labour, faint like Fools and die.
It shews thee how the Way of Life to find;
If thou wilt by its Counsel be inclin'd,
'I will guide thee rightly to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt these Directions understand,
Yea it will make the slothful active be,
In it the Blind delightful Things may see.
Art thou for something full of true Delight,
Thro' Shades to Living Substance I invite:
Wouldst thou remember all Things, thou wilt find
The Comforter brings all Things to thy Mind;
Comforts which to thy Memory will cleave,
And Cordials in thy Breast, when helpless, leave.
This Book will prove to Minds a grateful Feast,
Which ne'er of Things Divine had yet a Taste:
It seems to be a Novel, yet contains
Nothing but sound and vital Gospel-strains.
Wouldst thou divert thy self from Melancholly,
Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from Folly,
Life's Riddle read, with Explanations Crown'd,
And be in Heav'nly Contemplations drown'd.
Dost thou a Myst'ry love, or wouldst thou see
A Man i' th' Clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
Wouldst have a Dream and be from Sleep exempt,
And view with open Eyes what thou hast dreamt?
Clear as an Eagle wouldst thou see, yet find
How ignorant thou art of Heaven, and blind?

Wouldst

The Author's Apology for his Book.

Wouldst read thy own, thy Foe's, and Neighbour's Fate,
And know of all the good and evil State?
Then read the Dream this little Book contains,
I will Crown thy Expectation and thy Pains.

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE

THE Pilgrim's Progress IN THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM.

AS thro' the World's wide Wilderness I past,
I to a certain Place arriv'd at last,
Where was a † Den; to rest within the same
I laid me down, and fell into a Dream,
And saw a Man who in a lonesome Place
Cloathed with filth Rags, had turn'd his Face
From his own Home, yet was he at a stand
What Course to take: A Book was in his Hand,

† *The Goal.*

A grievous Burthen did his Back oppress,
So heavy laden, he grew Comfortless;
Then in the Book he look'd, and try'd to find
Something to ease the Anguish of his Mind;
But as he read he wept, and trembl'd sore;
At last, being able to endure no more,
He did, as in the Height of Tortures, cry,
† *What shall I do, or whither shall I fly?*
In this sad Case yet Home he went again,
Long as he could he did himself restrain,
Least that his Wife and Children should perceive
His great Distress, and make him doubly grieve;
But he alas, could not be silent long,
His Troubles so encreas'd and grew so strong:
Therefore, he did at length his Mind unfold,
And thus his Fears and his Afflictions told.
Dear Wife and Children of my Bowells, hear
What I your Father and your Friend declare:
I find that in my self I am undone,
So great's the Load I bear, but cannot shun;
I also am assur'd this is its Doom,
That Fire from Heav'n our ‖ City shall consume:
You my sweet Babes, my self, and thou my Dame,
Shall surely perish in avenging Flame,
Unless some way, as yet to me unknown,
Hence for us to escape be to us shown.
At this were his Relations sore amaz'd,
Not that they thought it true, but thought him craz'd;
So being Night, they hurry'd him to's Rest,
Thinking that Sleep would help and ease him best;
But Night to him was wretched as the Day,
In Sighs and Tears he pass'd th' Hours away.

† *Acts* 2. 37. ‖ *This World,*

When

When Morning came they askt him how he far'd,
He told them all Things worse and worse appear'd;
Renew'd his Warnings, but they hard'ned were,
And to him prov'd both scornful and severe.
Sometimes they mock, sometimes they him deride,
Neglect him long, and leave no means untry'd
To stop the Work of Grace in him begun,
And force him, like themselves, to be undone.
Wherefore, he to his Chamber oft repairs,
Pities, and seeks to do them good by Pray'rs;
Condoles his own and their unhappy Fate,
Does oft to Solitary Fields retreat:
Sometimes he reads, sometimes devoutly prays,
And thus a while he spent his mournful Days.

Now, on a time, as 'twas his Custom grown,
I saw him reading in the Fields alone,
And more than usual in his Mind distrest,
When as before he thus his Grief expresst,
In Anguish of his Soul, crying out again,
† *What shall I do Salvation to obtain?*
This way and that he lookt, and to and fro,
As if he'd run, but knew not where to go.

At last I saw a Beauteous Man appear,
Evangelist by Name, his Doubts to clear;
As good as great, thus spake the shining One,
Why dost thou make such lamentable moan?

Sir, says he, by this Book I find that I
Am as a Criminal condemn'd to die,
And after that to Judgment come, I read,
Both which o'er loaded with my Guilt, I dread;

† *Acts* 16. 30, 31.

Unwilling,

Unwilling, unprepar'd for Fate's Command,
And in the Judgment know I cannot ſtand.

Then ſaid *Evangeliſt*, Pray tell me why
Since ſo unhappy, yet ſo loath to die?

The Man replys, becauſe my Burthen here
So much too heavy is for me to bear:
If it depreſs me to the Grave ſo faſt,
'Twill ſink me down to *Tophet* at the laſt;
And if for Priſon I am not prepar'd,
'Twill with me go of Courſe, in Judgment hard,
From which I muſt to Execution go,
The Fears of which occaſion all my Woe.

Evangeliſt return'd, If this be true,
Why ſtand'ſt thou ſtill? Said he, What ſhall I do?

To him the Bright One gave a Parchment Roll,
Where this he written found within the Scroll,
† *Forſake thy* ALL, *Forſake thy* EARTHLY HOME,
Now is the Time, fly from the Wrath to come.

The Man being much concern'd at what he read,
Thus to *Evangeliſt* addreſs'd and ſaid:
From Wrath to come O whither ſhall I fly?
The kind *Evangeliſt* gave this Reply;
Pointing with's Finger, If yon Wicket-Gate
O'er the wide Field you ſee, go in thereat:
No cried He; Seeſt thou ſaid he the Light
Which ſhines directly over it ſo bright?
I think I do he ſaid: Then to it fly,
And for your Guidance keep it in your Eye;

† *Mat.* 3. 7.

So

So thou at length the Gate it's self shalt view,
Then at it knock, they'll tell thee what to do.

So in my Dream I saw that he begun
With Trembling Hast the Way of Life to run:
But scarce from his own Door the Man was gone,
When Wife and Children found what he had done.
Now after him aloud Return they cry,
Who stopt his Ears and did the faster fly,
And not regarding either Child or Wife,
Ran, crying, on *Life, Life, Eternal Life*;
Nor on them lookt behind him back again,
But hast'ned yet more swiftly o'er the Plain.

The Neighbours flockt to see his pious Flight,
And on him gaz'd as on a monstrous Sight; (Course,
Some mock'd, some scorn'd, some bid him change his
But Two there were would fetch him back by Force:
They *Obstinate* and *Pliable* were nam'd,
These overtook him, and his Conduct blam'd.

Chr. O Neighbours, wherefore do you me pursue
Christian reply'd? So was he call'd and true.

Obst. and *Plia.* Return we pray ———

Chr. That I will never do.
You in the City of *Destruction* dwell,
Where dying thence you'll sink from Earth to Hell;
Good Neighbours, with me travel Life to find.

Obst. What leave our Comforts and our Friends behind?

Chr. Yes; for your all which now you shall forsake
Unworthy is Comparison to make With

With but a little of that Glorious Gain
Which with me but hold out, you will obtain:
Where you, as well as I my self, shall fare,
Have all good Things, enough, and yet to spare.
Come, prove my Words.———

Obst. What are the Things you'd have,
Since all the World you to obtain 'em leave?

Chr. I seek Possessions that will never wast,
Joys never fading, undefil'd and chast,
Which are in Heav'n kept safe to be bestow'd
On such as seek and prize 'em as they shou'd:
Read in my Book, see if it be not so.

Obst. Your Book! Come, Come, back with us will you go?

Chr. No; to another Plow my Hand I've laid.

Obst. Come Neighbour, let's return, the Man is mad.
These Crazy-headed Coxcombs when they're seiz'd
With such Religious Whyms, are ne'er releas'd
Till tir'd themselves they are with Self-Conceit,
Who think their VVhyms than Reason far more great.

Pli. Pray do not too much Obstinacy shew,
If what good *Christian* says be really true,
The Things he looks for better are than ours,
Reason you know invectives ever Pow'rs:
My Heart inclines his Journey to partake.

Obst. VVhat more Fools still? Be rul'd, with me go back;
VVho knows where such a Brain-sick Fellow's Mind
VVill lead? Return whilst you your VVay can find.

Chr

Chr. Rather do you with *Pliable* proceed,
There are such Things as I relate indeed,
And many Glories more there are beside,
Read, if you won't in what I say confide;
And for the Truth of what's herein reveal'd,
Behold, 'tis with his Blood that made it seal'd.

Plia. VVell Neighbour *Obstinate*, I am resolv'd
VVith this good Man's my Fate shall be involv'd;
But, good Companion, he to *Christian* says,
Know you the way to this desired Place?

Chr. I am directed by a Man of Fame,
The Glorious *Evangelist* by Name,
Unto a little Gate beyond the *Plain*,
VVhere we Directions of the VVay shall gain.

Plia. Come let us make, good Neighbour, better speed;
So they together forward did proceed.

Obst. But I will to my Native Place recede,
And not be by Fantastick Fools misled.
VVhen *Obstinate* I saw was Home-ward gone,
Christian (I dreamt) and *Pliable* went on,
And with Discourse themselves did entertain,
Thus talking as they Journey'd o'er the *Plain*.

Plia. Dear Brother *Christian*, since we are alone,
Tell me what Blessings more were to thee shown,
And what Possessions are to make us blest,
VVhere we are going, to Eternal Rest.

Chr. I can conceive them better in my Mind
Than they can by me be in VVords defin'd;

But

But since you would the Knowledge of them gain,
Hear what my Book does of their worth contain.

Pli. Think you therein all is Reality?

Chr. Yes; for 'tis made by him that cannot lye.

Pli. Well said, let's hear what in it is contain'd.

Chr. There is an Endless Kingdom to be gain'd;
To us there's Life Eternal to be giv'n,
And all the Bliss and Joys that make a Heav'n.

Pli. What else? You speak of Joys that have no Bounds:

Chr. They also there will give us Glorious Crowns,
And Garments that will make us shine as bright
As does the Sun in his Meridian Light.

Pli. 'Tis very Pleasant, pray what else declare?

Chr. There's no more Crying nor yet Sorrow there,
The King thereof, if we his Will obey,
Will from our Eyes wipe all our Tears away.

Pli. What Company shall we therein enjoy?

Chr. Cherubs and Seraphs, all the Hosts on High,
Angels, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs blest,
And all the Just that were on Earth oppress;
There Thousands and Ten Thousands we shall meet,
Before us gone, all ready us to greet;
None hurtful, but all kind and holy are,
Perfect in Love, which knows no Pain or Fear;

With

With perfect Grace they all their God Adore,
Accepted in his sight for evermore.
Elders and Virgins there we shall behold,
All having Golden Crowns and Harps of Gold:
There all that dy'd by Beasts, Floods, Flames, or Men,
For Love of Christ, shall we find whole agen;
All Lively, Happy, Glorious, Crown'd and Bright,
And Cloathed with Immortal Robes of Light.

Pli. How Ravishing it is these Truths to hear!
But how of Joys so great shall we have share?

Chr. The Lord and Sov'reign of this real Heav'n
Declares, it freely to us shall be giv'n.

Pli. How Joyful is the News of so much Grace?
Come on Dear Friend, and let us mend our Pace.

Chr. My Burthen is so great I cannot run.

Now, in my Dream, I saw when they had done
With their Discourse a Slough of Miry Clay
I'th' middle of the *Plain*, and in their way;
The heedless Pilgrims fell into the same,
The Slough of *Despond* was thereof the Name,
In which they strugling long begun to tire,
Poor *Christian*'s Load ev'n sunk him in the Mire.

Pli. Ah Neighbour *Christian*, ah where are you now!

Chr. Truly my self dear Friend, I hardly know.
Here *Pliable* offended, angry grew.

Pli. Is this th' Happiness you lead me to?

If such ill Luck already us attend,
What mayn't we fear afore our Journeys End?
So I get out with Life again, go on,
You shall possess your Golden Hopes alone.

So with some desp'rate Strugles, out again
He got, and did next Home firm Ground attain;
So Home he went, and *Christian* saw him gone,
Being left to strugle in the Mire alone,
Who still endeavour'd thro' the Slough to make,
But cou'd not for the Burthen on his Back:
But one I saw, came to him, in my Dream,
Said he, what dost thou here? *Help* was his Name.

Chr. Sir, I by one *Evangelist* was bid
This way to go; accordingly I did
My Course to yonder Wicket try to shape,
That from the *Wrath to come* I might escape,
So heedless fell into this Misery.

Help. Why did you not to find the Footsteps try?

Chr. Fear follow'd hard, so neareſt ways I fled,
By Desperation, not Discretion, led.

Help. Lend me your Hand; since now y'are safe again,
Walk warily, yet hasten o'er the *Plain.*

To him that helpt him then I stept and I said,
Since from *Destruction*, Sir, this way does lead,
To th' Wicket-Gate why mend you not the Place,
That Travellers may on securely pass.
This Miry Slough, said he, 's the Sink my Friend,
O'th' filth which Sin's Conviction does attend;

For when the Sinner's firſt awaken'd ſtill,
His Soul is full of Trouble, Fears and Ill,
VVhich ſettle all together in this Place,
And make the Slough ſo difficult to paſs.

The King's Surveyors Seventeen Hundred Years
To mend it ſtrove, with all their Pains and Pray'rs;
Millions of Loads here ſwallow'd up have been,
Brought from all Goſpel Parts and thrown herein:
From all his Kingdoms, both of Law and Grace,
Are good Inſtructions ſent to mend this Place,
That theſe the beſt Materials are below
They ſay, that beſt the Nature of it know,
To be the Slough of *Deſpond*; 'twill remain
As long as Sin, or Death for Sin ſhall reign.
Th' Almighty *Legiſlator* there has made
Certain Subſtantial Footſteps to be laid
Quite thro' the middle of the Slough, 'tis true,
VVich at ſuch times as this ſuch filth does ſpue,
VVhich from the Pit that's Bottomleſs aſcends,
'Tis hard to know which way each Footſtep tends,
The Steps of which if any cannot keep,
They're daub'd to th' purpoſe in its filthy Deep;
But when you once the VVicket-Gate have paſt,
The Ground is good and ſolid to the laſt.
Now in my Dream I ſaw, that o'er the *Plain*,
Poor *Pliable* was got quite Home again;
His Neighbours came to their returned Friend,
His VViſdom ſome in coming back commend;
Some mockt his Cowardice and ſaid, ſince you
Begun 'twas baſe you did not venture through,
And for a ſingle Hardſhip to retreat.
So *Pliable* among them ſneaking ſate;

But

But he at last did more Assurance take,
Then all at *Christian* rail'd behind his Back;
So *Pliable* regain'd his former Ease.

Now *Christian* walkt a solitary pace,
And as he by himself went pensive on,
Tow'rds him to come he saw a Man unknown;
Just as they crost they to each other came.
Now *Worldly-Wisemin* was the Stranger's Name,
In *Carnal Policy* he did reside,
A Town not from *Destruction* far aside:
Now *Christian* being made the Country Talk,
He knew 'twas him by his Laborious VValk,
Therefore to *Christian* thus himself Addrest.

Worldl. How now good Fellow, whither thus oppres

Chr. Oppress indeed! And since you ask me where
I go, 'tis to yon VVicket-Gate, for there
I am inform'd, I of my Burthen here
Shall be releas'd, for me too great to bear.

Worldl. Hast thou got any Children or a VVife?

Chr. Yes; but no Comfort take i'th' Joys of Life;
I what I have as if I had not own,
Because so much beneath my Load I groan.

Worldl. VVilt take my Counsel if I give it thee?

Chr. Yes, if your Counsel good and faithful be;
For of such Counsel 'tis I stand in need.

Worldl. Get of thy heavy Barthen rid with speed

I thee advise, 'twill only end thy Woes,
Else canst thou not enjoy what Heav'n bestows.

Chr. 'Tis that I seek for, what I cannot gain,
None in our Country e'er cou'd ease my Pain,
Therefore I go this way so much dismay'd.

Worldl. Who bid you this way go to seek for Aid?

Chr. A Man of Great and Honourable Fame,
Evangelist, you've doubtless heard his Name.

Worldl. Beshrew him for his Counsel, thou'rt not wise,
There's none on Earth would such a Course advise;
I see thou hast been in the dirty Slough,
And wilt, if thou go'st on, meet Griefs enough;
It leads thro' Toils to th' Mouth of Hell beneath,
Swords, Lions, Dragons, Darkness, Fiends, and Death:
That this is true I many Proofs can show,
Art mad, to trust a Man thou dost not know?

Chr. Why Sir the Burthen on my Back's so great,
All you can say is not of half the Weight;
The worst that I can meet I shall not mind
So I but of my Burthen Riddance find.

Worldl. How was it you at first the Burthen got?

Chr. By reading in this Book. ———

Worldl. Just as I thought!
Weak Men will medling be with Things too High,
And when they're mad, at all Adventures fly.

Chr. 'Tis of my Burthen I would Riddance gain;

Worldl. And wilt thou seek for Ease with so much Pain?

Hear me with Patience, if thou'lt understand,
I'll tell thee of a Remedy at hand,
By which thou shalt not only Dangers shun,
But Safety, Friendship, and Content are won.

Chr. Shew, worthy Sir, this Secret unto me.

Worldl. Why in Yon Village call'd *Morality*,
Legality a Gentleman of Fame,
Of good Report, of an Illustrious Name,
Does help such Burthens off, and ease the Heart,
He can I know do VVonders by his Art:
He'll cure you tho' your Load had craz'd your Mind,
Unto him haste, a Remedy you'll find.
His House is scarce a Mile from this your Road,
But if himself should chance to be Abroad,
Civility his own Ingenious Son,
Is one by whom your Bus'ness may be done,
He of thy Burthen will thee dispossess,
And re-instate thee in thy former Peace;
Thence Home thou mayst return, but I advise
Thee not to do't, thou mayst if thou art wise,
To's Village fetch thy Children and thy VVife,
And lead therein an honest, happy Life:
There empty Houses are whose Rent's not high,
There cheap and good Provisions you may buy,
And there with honest Neighbours safe and well
You in good Credit may and Fashion dwell.

Christian at this Advice began to pause,
But soon concluded that if true it was,
He must be doubtless very much unwise
Who would not take such probable Advice.

Chr.

Chr. To me the way Sir to his Dwelling tell.

Worldl. Yonder high † Hill doſt ſee? *Chr.* Yes, very well.

Worldl. Go by it, the firſt Houſe you'll ſee is his.

So *Chriſtian* turn'd aſide and walkt amiſs.
Now being near, the ‖ Hill it ſeem'd ſo high,
That Part which alſo next the Road did lie
O'erhung ſo much that *Chriſtian* was afraid,
Should he proceed, 'twould tumble on his Head;
So he ſtood ſtill and knew not what to do,
His Burthen alſo on him heavier grew;
Flaſhes of Fire forth from the Mountain fly,
And made him ſweat with Fear and Agony.
Now *Worldly-Wiſeman*'s Counſel was he ſaw,
Not Conſonant to Goſpel or the Law:
Thus loſt *Evangeliſt* unto him came;
(At ſight of whom he bluſht for very ſhame.)
Who to him with a dreadful Look thus ſaid,
What doſt thou here? The Pilgrim was afraid,
And Speechleſs ſtood. Art thou the Man ſaid he,
Who near *Deſtruction* felt ſuch Miſery?

Chr. I am the Man, Dear Sir, what ſhall I do!

Evang. Did I not bid thee to the VVicket go?

Chr. You did. *Evang.* How durſt thou then to turn aſide,
Why didſt thou not i'th' Narrow VVay abide?

Chr. Being almoſt in the Slough of *Deſpond* loſt,
A Gentleman who me in Trav'lling croſt,

† *M. Sinai.* ‖ *He fears the Hill will fall upon him.*

Told me that here a little from the Road
I might find one would ease me of my Load.

Evang. What was he? ———

Chr. He lookt like a Gentleman,
And by much Talk my Knowledge over-ran,
So I at last did to his Counsel yield;
When I the Hill o'erhang the Way beheld
I stopt, for fear it on my Head should fall.

Evang. What said he to thee? ———

Chr. Why, he ask'd me all
The Circumstances which my Life attend,
And whither 'twas to go I did intend,
What Family I had; I answer'd all he'd ask,
Said he, to leave your Burthen's now your Task.
His Subtilty and Smoothness made me yield
To use the shortest Method to be heal'd:
But when I of this Danger had a view,
I stopt for fear, and knew not what to do.

Evang. Stand still, to thee I will God's Word proclaim;
So he stood trembling at th' Almighty's Name.
† *See ye refuse not him that speaks; if they*
Escap'd not who refused to obey
Him that on Earth did speak, much less shall those
Escape, who him that speaks from Heav'n oppose.
The Just shall live by Faith, whoso draws back,
In such my Soul shan't any Pleasure take.
Thou art the Man, this is thy Misery,
The Counsel to reject of the most High;
To leave the way of Peace thou hast begun,
And art almost into Perdition run.

Down

† *Heb.* 12. 25.

Down at his Feet ev'n Dead poor *Christian* fell,
And cry'd I am undone, I sink to Hell:
Evangelist hold of him sinking caught,
And thus with Comfort to revive him sought.
† *All Sins and Blasphemies God will forgive,*
Not if y'are faithless, but if you believe.
At this a little he reviv'd again,
And trembling stood, thro' Weakness, Fear and Pain.
Th' *Evang-list* said, (pitying his Estate)
Give earnest heed to what I shall relate;
Who 'twas deluded thee I'll to thee shew,
And what the Person was he sent thee to.
His Name was *Worldly-Wiseman* whom you met,
Rightly so call'd because his Mind is set
On Things Below; the Church he most does use
Is in *Morality*, which he does chuse,
'Cause from its Doctrine he receives no Loss,
It not compelling him to bear his Cross:
He's of an Earthly Temper, therefore he
Perverts my ways by *Carnal Policy*.
Three Things you in his Counsel must detest.

1. His turning thee out of the VVay that's best.

2. His Subtilty to make thee hate the Cross.

3. His setting thee in ways of Shame and Loss,
Which to the Ministration lead of Death,
Drawing thy Soul from Christ to Shades beneath.

1. Thou must abhorr his turning thee aside,
Thy self severely for consenting chide,
Because it is God's Counsel to reject
To have for *Worldly-Wisemen* such Respect:

† *Mat.* 12. 31.

The Lord commands thee mightily to strive
Within Life's strait and humble Gate t' arrive,
Where thee I sent, for know, † *strait is the Gate*
That leads to Life, and few go in thereat.
From this strait Gate, and from the way of God,
This wicked VVorldling turn'd thee to the Road
Which did thee almost to *Destruction* lead,
And to the Lot and Portion of the Dead;
O therefore hate his turning thee aside,
Abhorr thy self who didst in him confide.

2. Thou must abhorr his Craft for Christ's own sake,
Who would th' Cross unto thee odious make;
Thou must the Cross before the Crown prefer,
More than all *Egypts* Treasure prize it here;
Besides, to thee the King of Glory shows,
‖ *He that will save his Life his Life shall lose.*
For he that would his worthy Follower prove,
Must for the Son of God's unbounded Love,
Leave Father, Mother, Brethren, Sisters, VVife,
Children, his All, yea and very Life.
Therefore, I say, if Man would thee perswade
That that will be thy Death which Christ has said
Is the sole means Eternal Life to gain,
Such Doctrine thou must utterly disdain.

3. Abhorr his making thee i' th' way to tread
Which does unto Death's Ministration lead
For this; but think what help he to thee show'd,
And how unfit to take away thy Load.
He whom he sent thee to a Cure to have
Is nam'd *Legality*, Son of a Slave,

† *Mat.* 7. 13. ‖ *Mark* 8. 35.

A Woman who does now in Bondage lie
With him and all her whole Posterity,
And in a Myst'ry's this Mount *Sinai*
Which ready is, thou seest, on thee to fall;
Now if she with her Children is in Thrall,
How canst thou be by her or him made free,
Or lose thy Burthen thro' *Legality*?
You can't by th' VVorks o' th' Law be justify'd,
Nor by its Deeds be of your Burthen rid.
An Alien *Worldly-Wiseman* is you see,
Legality a Cheat, *Civility*,
For all his simp'ring Looks, a Hypocrite:
They can't, (believe me,) help thy heavy Plight.
There truly nothing is in all the Noise
Of these meer formal Men, that's worth thy Choice;
Nor Ought in their whole Lifeless Generation
But Tricks to cheat thee out of thy Salvation.
Evangelist here his Discourses staid,
And calls the Heav'ns to witness what he said;
So from the Mountain there burst forth a Fire,
VVhich made poor *Christian* almost to expire;
For underneath its dreadful Rocks he stood,
Which rais'd his Hair, and chil'd the Pilgrim's Blood;
And VVords in Thunder thus were to him spoke
From *Sinai*'s Top, which shook the very Rock.

† "As many as i' th' VVorks o' th' Law confide
"Under the Curse and Wrath of God abide;
"For it is written curs'd is ev'ry one
"Who has not all the Law for ever done.

Now *Christian* look'd for nothing but to die,
And did with dreadful Lamentations cry,

† *Gal.* 3. 10.

Curs'd be the Time that ever I, said he,
Did Carnal *Worldly-Wiseman* meet and see.
What Shame and Sorrow does it to me bring,
That Arguments which but from Flesh did spring,
Such Prevalency o'er my Frailty won,
That for them I from Paths of Peace should run?
This done, he to *Evangelist* himself apply'd,
And in the following Words and Sense he cry'd.

Chr. What think you Sir, what Hopes for me remain
Of getting back to the right way again,
And going on up to the Wicket-Gate,
O shall I have Admission in thereat,
And not abandon'd, be sent back from thence
For this my Faithless, sinful, great Offence,
Who did the Counsel of the High'st despise,
Thro' the Suggestions of the *Worly-Wise?*
May I find Mercy from Indulgent Heav'n,
And have this great Offence thro' Christ forgiven?

Evang. O Pilgrim know thy Sin is very great,
Two Evils thou hereby didst perpetrate;
Thou didst the way of Righteousness forsake,
And wouldst in Paths forbidden Comfort take;
Yet will the Man thee at the Gate receive,
Who has good Will for Men that they may live.
Take heed you turn no more aside I pray,
Lest you at last should perish from the way.
† *If his Wrath kindled is yea but a little,*
They're blest whose Faith does them to's Grace entitle.
When *Christian* to return himself addrest,
Evangelist kist smil'd, and him he blest.

† *Psal.* 1. 2.

So

So on he went, and would to no one ſpeak,
If ought they askt him he'd no Anſwer make,
But went like one for Life, ſince he had found
What 'twas to tread upon forbidden Ground,
And would by no means think his Danger o'er
Till he regain'd the way he left before
For *Worldly-Wiſeman*'s Counſel. So with Haſt
He to the Wicket-Gate arriv'd at laſt,
O'er which he did on this Inſcription look,
It ſhall be open'd to you if you knock.
Therefore he ſev'ral times did knock thereat,
Saying *To a Pilgrim ope the Wicket-Gate.*

May I not enter here, will he within
Ope to sorry me, tho' I have been
An undeserving Rebel? Then shall I
Not fail to sing his lasting Praise on High.

At

At last there came a Person to the Gate
Named *Goodwill*, said he, who knocks thereat?
Whence came he, and what is it he would have?

Chr. A heavy laden Soul does Entrance crave,
A Sinner from *Destruction*'s City Home,
Flying to Mount *Zion* from the *Wrath to come*;
Being told my way, Sir, lies thro' this your Gate,
I, if you please, would enter in thereat.

Goodwill. I willing am with all my Heart you should
So op'd the Gate, Him in with haste he pull'd.

Chr. Kind Sir, why force you me to make such haste?

Goodw. A Castle hence a little distance plac'd,
You from the Gate may see a strong Defence;
Where *Belzebub* is Captain, know from thence
How he and those that with him dwell therein,
At such as come to th' Gate shoot Arrows keen,
That they may die e'er they can enter in.

Chr. I tremble, yet I much rejoice to find
I am not by his Hand to fall design'd;
But safely have an Entrance here obtain'd.

Goodw. How was't hereof that you the Knowledge gain'd?

Chr. Evangelist to me your Gate did show,
And told me, Sir, you'd tell me what to do.

Goodw. The open Doors before thee none can close.

Chr. Now reap I Benefits for all my Woes.

Goodw. How was it you from Danger fled alone?

Chr. As I saw mine no others saw their own.

Goodw.

Goodw. Did any of them of your Coming know?

Chr. From them my Wife and Children saw me go,
And to me cry'd return; and likewise some
Who were my Neighbours bid me stay at Home;
But I to all was deaf, and hither fled.

Goodw. Did none pursue you back to have misled?

Chr. Yes; *Obstinate* and *Pliable* pursu'd,
But finding with me they could do no good,
First *Obstinate* went Railing back again,
But *Pliable* came partly o'er the *Plain.*

Goodw. Why, did he not come thro'? *Chr.* The Truth to tell,
We both into the Slough of *Dessond* fell
At unawares; where Neighbour *Pliable*
Discourag'd was, tho' more than I able
On to proceed, yet he'd no farther come,
But getting out on that side next his Home,
Says he, alone for me possess you may
Your brave *Utopia*, so he went his way,
And back returned after *Obstinate*,
While I came forwards to your Wicket-Gate.

Goodw. Alas, poor Man, are Life's Celestial Joys
By him accounted such poor worthless Toys
That he would not endure a Moment's Pain
And Loss, a Blest Eternity to gain?

Chr. I have to *Pliable* indeed been just,
But say as much too of my self I must,
If 'twixt Us Things must be in Ballance laid.
'Tis true, he to come forwards was afraid;
I'ut to the Ways of Death I turn'd aside,
And did in *Worldly-Wiseman*'s Lies confide.

Goodw.

Goodw. O did he on you light, advis'd he not
You of *Legality* your Ease t' have sought?
Did you his Counsel take? *Chr.* Far as I durst.
I went to find him, till by Fears being forc'd
To stop; my Load encreased with my Dread,
Lest *Sinai*'s Rocks should tumble on my Head.

Goodw. That Mountain has the Death of many been,
And will the Grave of many more be seen;
'Twas well to Pieces by't not dasht you were.

Chr. I know not what might have befaln me there,
Had not *Evangelist* came to me when I knew
(As oft it was my Luck) not what to do.
But 'twas God's Mercy that he should come thither,
Or, to my Ruin, I had ne'er come hither;
Who more deserv'd beneath the Rocks a Grave,
Than this great Honour with my Lord to have.
'Tis Grace indeed, before him to appear,
And that I'm yet admitted Entrance here.

Goodw. we no Objections against any make
For what is past, who Journeys hither take;
In no wise they may by us be cast out,
Therefore come with me, *Christian*, thee about
The way I'll teach in which thou art to go,
Observe that Narrow Way I to thee show,
That is the Way which does to Glory lead,
By Patriarchs, Prophets, CHRIST, Apostles, made;
It is as strait as Rule can make it true;
This is the Way, the Way of Life to you.

Chr. Is there no Turnings in't, nor Windings Sir,
Where th' Ignorant may from True Uprightness err?

Goodw.

Good. Yes, there are many Ways, but down on this,
Crooked and wide, but you may of them miss,
And thus distinguish'd at an easy rate,
The Right is only narrow, just and strait.
I in my Dream, saw *Christian* did request
By him to be of's Burthen dispossest;
For he thereof no Riddance could, as yet,
O' th' Burthen on his Back from any get.
Said *Goodwill*, Be content as yet to bear
Thy Load, till in due time thou comest where
It, of its self, from off thy Back will fall.
Then *Christian* girded up his Loyns withal,
And to his Journey did himself Address.
But said the other, At a certain Place
Some Distance hence, you'll at a House arrive,
Wherein the True Interpreter does live;
There knock, and tell them thee I to them sent,
They'll shew thee Things that are most Excellent.
Then took he leave of his most generous Friend,
Who did him to the God of Heav'n commend:
So on he went, till to the House he came,
And knock'd with Eagerness oft at the same:
At last came One and askt him who was there?

Chr. Here is, kind Sir, a laden Traveller,
To the Good Man hereof by *Goodwill* sent,
To profit here by Things most Excellent;
To speak with th' Master of the House I crave,
Who to him came, and ask'd him what he'd have?

Chr. I am from th' City of *Destruction* come,
A Pilgrim, going to Mount *Zion* Home,
From him who keeps the Wicket-Gate being sent
To you, to shew me Things most Excellent,

Which

Which to me in my way will helpful prove.

Interp. Come, I will shew thee Truths of wondrous Love:
So bid his Man to fetch, on this Occasion,
And light the Candle of Illumination;
He thence withdrew into a private Room,
Desiring *Christian* after him to come,
And bid his Man unlock a Door therein;
Which done, by *Christian* was a Picture seen
Of One most Reverend hung against the Wall,
(Of which I give you a Description shall)
With Eyes up lifted to the Heavens on High,
It held the best of Books for History;
The Grarious Law of Kindness and of Truth
Writ in his Heart, was always in its Mouth:
The World behind its Back was cast, it stood
As if with Men it pleaded for their Good;
Great Majesty it shew'd of high Renown,
And o'er its Head was plac'd a Glorious Crown.

Chr. What meaneth this? *Int.* The Man whose Picture
O Traveller, one of Ten Thousand is; ('tis,
He Children can beget, conceive and rear
Them up himself, when born in Christ they are.
Whereas you see his Eyes to Heaven are rais'd,
And with the best of Books his Hand is grac'd,
And on his Lips the Law of Truth you view,
This does what is his Work unto you shew,
By whom to Sinners Myst'ries are reveal'd,
Even as he is to plead with Men beheld.
Whereas thou seest the World behind him cast,
And o'er his Head a Crown of Glory plac'd,
It is to shew thee that his nobler Love
Slights Things Below, being set on Things Above.

Sure,

Sure, for the Zeal he here to Christ has shown,
Hereafter to obtain Life's Glorious Crown.
This, said *Interpreter*, I shew'd you first,
Who is the only Man by whom you must,
Being Authorized by the Lord alone,
Be thro' all Hazards led to Mount *Zion*:
Give therefore heed to what has shewn thee been,
And in thy Mind bear well what thou hast seen,
Least some thou'lt meet pretend thee right to lead,
But by their ways conduct thee to the Dead.
Thence to a Parlour very large they stept,
'Twas full of Dust, because 'twas never swept.
After a while he did his Man command
To fetch a Broom, and sweep it out of Hand.
As he begun, the Dust began to fly
So thick, that *Christian* ev'n was choak'd thereby.
Interpreter then bid a Damsel come
And sprinkle Water over all the Room;
Which done 'twas cleans'd, now, rather with Delight.

Chr. O kind *Interpreter*, what mean you by't?

Interp. This Parlour is Man's Heart, a sinful Place
Ne'er Sanctify'd by Sweets of Gospel Grace;
This Dust is Sin Original, the Soil
And Filth which does th' whole Inward Man defile:
The *Law* was him who so much Dust did raise,
But she that sprinkl'd it was *Gospel-Grace*.
Now when the *Law* did sweep the Room thou saw'st,
He cou'd not clean it but thou ev'n choaked wast;
This shews the *Law* frees not the Heart from Sin,
But does revive and strengthen it within,
Encreasing what it in the Soul does shew,
Forbids, but gives not Pow'r Sin to subdue.

What

What *Gospel-Grace* did with the Water do,
Who it with Pleasure cleans'd, does to thee shew,
That when the *Gospel* comes with Grace and Light,
Sin's Dust is laid, Sin perish'd out of sight,
The Soul thro' Faith made whole, and cleans'd so well
Therein the King of Glory yields to dwell.
They thence did to a little Room repair,
Where sat two Children, each one in his Chair;
One *Passion* was, *Patience* was t'others Name,
Passion was mov'd, *Patience* in Peaceful Frame.

Chr. Wherefore is *Passion* so disturb'd I pray?

Interp. Because their Governour will have them stay
For their best Things until a Future Day,
He'll have it now, but *Patience* wills it not;
Then one to *Passion* Bags of Treasure brought,
And laid it at his Feet; he ceas'd to mourn,
And fill'd with Joy laugh'd *Patience* ev'n to Scorn.
But soon I saw an End of all his Gain,
So he had nothing left but Rags and Pain.

Chr. This Matter fully pray to me explain.

Interp. These Lads the Figures are of all Mankind,
Some *Patience* guides, *Passion* the rest does blind.
Passion is of the Earth, *Patience* of Heaven,
Passion will here have all Things to him given;
So Worldlings here will all their Good Things have,
For the next World they care not this to leave:
For th' Next and Heaven they do not care a Rush,
This World's their *Bird in Hand*, Those *Two i' th' Bush*.
This Proverb has more Force upon their Sense
Than Things of Highest Truth and Excellence.

But as his Riches flew with Wings away,
And his Rich Cloathing did to Rags decay,
So Worldlings sink into a Grave of Clay.

Chr. Patience I see exceedingly is blest,
His Wisdom is on all Accounts the best,
Who for his best Things stays, and will obtain
Glory when t'other does in Rags remain.

Interp. Add that his Glory never will decay,
(But this World's Glories quickly pass away)
Passion at *Patience* had not Cause to laugh
So much as *Patience* has at him, by half.
First yields to Last, Last ever does succeed,
So must be Everlasting Good indeed.
Therefore it was to *Dives* said, † *Thou still*
Hadst in thy Life time Good Things, Lazarus *Ill*,
But now he has obtain'd the better Part,
He's comforted, but thou tormented art.

Chr. For present Things I'll take not too much Care,
But seek in Future Everlasting Share.

Int. True; for the Things which seen but Temporal are,
But Things Eternal do not yet appear.
Things present do our Fleshly Appetite
To them, as Neighbours near, too oft invite,
But Things to come have not with Carnal Sense
At all so much as any Conference;
Therefore the first in Amity conjoyn,
Whilst these to greater Distance still incline.
Then in my Dream, I saw *Interpreter*
Did *Christian* to another Place refer,

† *Luke* 16. 25.

Where

Where burning 'gainſt a Wall a Fire was plac'd,
On which One ſtanding by much Water caſt,
Yet ſtill the Fire burnt up more hot and high,
Sir, *Chriſtian* ſaid, what does this ſignify?
This Fire's the Work of Grace within us wrought,
He is the Devil who to quench it ſought;
But why the Fire did rather fiercer flame
On th' other ſide the Wall, you of the ſame
The Cauſe will ſee: There ſaw he one to ſtand
Who held of Oyl a Veſſel in his Hand,
Which conſtantly, but ſecretly, he caſt
Into the Fire, which made it flame and laſt.
Said *Chriſtian*, What hereby is ſignify'd?
Th' *Interpreter* unto him thus reply'd;
'Tis Chriſt, who always with his Oyl of Grace,
Maintains Life's Fire, which in our Hearts has Place,
By which, tho' Satan to his utmoſt ſtrive,
Good Souls remain, by Faith, in Grace alive.
In that thou didſt behold the Man remain
Behind the Wall, the Fire for to maintain,
It ſhews, 'tis hard for ſuch as tempted are
To ſee o' th' Work of Grace in them, Heav'ns Care.
Interpreter led *Chriſtian* farther on
Unto a curious, ſtately Manſion;
The Noble Proſpect of ſo fine a Sight
Did to the Pilgrim yield extream Delight;
On Top whereof he Perſons did behold
Walking, and Cloathed all in ſhining Gold.
Said *Chriſtian*, May we to the Height aſcend?
Interpreter the Pilgrim to befriend,
Took him and led him to the Pa'ace Gate,
A Numerous Hoſt of Men they found thereat,
Who enter would durſt they but try their Pow'r:
There ſat a Man ſome diſtance from the Door,

With Book and Ink-horn on a Table ſet,
To take their Names who could an Entrance get;
'Gainſt ſuch there many Men i' th' Entrance ſtood,
Reſolv'd to hurt and hinder all to Blood.
Of *Chriſtian* ſome Amazement hold did take,
To ſee ſo many Men for Fear give back;
At laſt a Man of Reſolution came,
And to the Clerk ſaid, Sir, ſet down my Name;
Then drew his Sword, and clapt his Helmet on,
And ruſh'd upon the Armed Men alone,
Who on him laid with Mercileſs Intent,
Yet he return'd with Int'reſt what they lent;
Fearleſs and fiercely he about them laid,
And thro' 'em all his way with Honour made,
And nobly forwards into Court he preſt;
By all within the Conqueror was carreſt;
And thoſe that were Above, well pleas'd thereat,
The Hero loudly did Congratulate;

All with a ſhout, cry'd, *Bravely done,*
Immortal Glory thou haſt won.

Then the Illuſtrious Conqueror in Fight,
Was Cloathed with Immortal Robes of Light.
Then *Chriſtian* ſaid, th' Intent hereof I know,
Now let me hence immediately go.

Interp. Till ſomewhat more thou'ſt ſeen I'd have thee ſtay.
And after that ſhalt thou go on thy way.
So to a Room quite dark he with him went,
Where, in an Iron Cage a Man was pent;
The Man to look on ſeem'd extreamly ſad,
His Eyes caſt down, his Hands he folded had,
He ſigh'd as if he'd break his very Heart:
Then *Chriſtian* ſaid, What Sir does this impart?

Inform

Inform your self *Interpreter* rejoyn'd,
From his own Mouth, why he is thus confin'd.

Chr. In Misery and Iron what art thou?

Man. Once was I not the Wretch that I am now.

Chr. What wert thou once? *Man.* Oh once I had a Taste
O' th' Pow'rs o' th' World to come, that Once is past;
Once was I in my own, and others Eyes,
Thought fair for the Celestial Sphere and Prize:
At Thoughts thereof Joys did my Heart revive,
When I had hope I thither should arrive.

Chr. What art thou now? *Man.* A Pris'ner to Despair,
Shut up thereby in Unbelief for E'er,
As in this Iron Cage, immur'd in Doubt,
I cannot, Oh I cannot now get out!

Chr. What brought you first to this unhappy Case?

Man. I did to watch and to be sober cease,
I gave my Lusts the Reins, and did despite
To Truth and Grace, and sinn'd against the Light
O' th' Holy Word and Goodness too of God,
His Spirit griev'd, no more with me abode.
Thro' Sin I tempted Satan me to tempt,
And hardned, cannot to repent attempt.

Chr. Is there no Hopes for such a Man as this?

Interp. To save my Thoughts, ask him, he'll tell you his.

Chr. Have you no hope your Misery to repair,
And leave this Iron Cage and your Despair?

Man. No, none at all. *Chr.* Why? If you wish it try't,
God's Mercies are in Jesus Infinite.

Man.

Man. No; I have put him to an open ſhame,
Deſpis'd his Perſon, and renounc'd his Name,
And to my ſelf afreſh have Crucify'd
The Lord of Life, his Blood unſanctify'd
Accounted have, and to the Spirit of Grace
Have done Deſpite, this therefore is my Caſe:
I' th' Promiſes I can no Part obtain,
Nothing but fearful Threatnings now remain
Of dreadful Judgments, Fiery Indignation,
A gnawing Worm and final Deſparation,
Rage, Fire unquench'd, Hell, Furies and Damnation.

Chr. For what have you your ſelf to this reduc'd?

Man. For Worldly Profits, Pleaſures, and by Luſt;
In them my ſelf I promis'd much Delight,
Of them each Thought does now like Serpents bite,
Like never dying Worms gnaw me, and burn
Like Fire of Hell. *Chr.* Canſt not repent and turn?

Man. God has, it ſeems, to ſuch deny'd Relief,
His Word encourages no ſuch Belief.
Himſelf has ſhut me in this Iron Cage,
Whom hence not all the World can diſengage.
Eternity, Eternity, what Pow'r
Can an *Eternity* of Woes endure!

Interp. Let this Man's Mis'ry be in Mem'ry had,
And be thy Everlaſting Caution made.

Chr. 'Tis fearful! Th' Omnipreſent God I pray
Still keep me ſober, meet to watch and pray,
That this Man's Cauſe of Mis'ry I may ſhun.
Sir, now is't time for me hence to be gone?

Interp.

Interp. Tarry yet once, I'll ſhew thee ſomewhat more,
Then ſhalt thou go: So *Chriſtian*, as before,
Was bid to follow him, as oft he'd done,
Who to a Chamber went where there was one
Juſt riſing from his Bed, whom, by his Look,
You might to be affrighted ſee, he ſhook
And trembled much whilſt he himſelf array'd.

Chr. Why does he ſhake, and look ſo much diſmaid?

Interp. I'd have you to the Pilgrim ſhew the Cauſe.

Man. This Night, as in my ſleep I dreaming was,
The Heav'ns I ſaw grew ſoon exceeding black,
Thunders from *Pole* to *Pole* did loudly crack,
And fearful Lightnings flaſh'd arround the Sky,
Ready with Horror at the ſight to die;
I ſaw the Clouds unuſually diſperſe,
And hear'd a Trumpet call the Univerſe;
And ſaw a Man Enthron'd upon a Cloud,
To whom of Heav'n th' Attendant Thouſands bow'd:
The Hoſts of Heaven in Flames of Fire all came,
Alſo the Heav'ns were on a burning Flame;
The Trump of God then gave forth his Command,
Ye Dead ariſe, to Judgment come, and ſtand
Before the Dread Tribunal of the Lamb,
Who will with Righteous Sentence ſave or damn.
With that the Rocks were all to pieces rent,
Forth Death, Hell, Sea, and Graves their Priſ'ners ſent:
Some were exceeding glad, and look'd on High,
But ſome did to the Mountains hide us cry.
Then he who did upon the Cloud appear,
Open'd a Book, and bid the World draw near;

† *Rev.* 20. 11, 12, 13, 14.

Interp.

Ye

Yet did the Fierceneſs of an Iſſuing Flame,
Which Interpoſing, forth before him came
A juſt convenient Diſtance, then prepare
Betwixt the Judge and Priſ'ners at the Bar.
I to th' Attendants heard proclaim'd aloud,
Of him that ſate Enthron'd upon the Cloud,
† *Gather the Stubble, Chaff and Tares, and take*
And Caſt them all into the Burning Lake.
At which, near where I ſtood, th' Inſatiate Jaws
O' th' Pit without a Bottom open'd was,
Out of whoſe Mouth there an Abundance came
Of hideous Noſes, Smoak, Coals, Fire and Flame.
Said Chriſt to thoſe who did upon him wait,
‖ *Into my Garners gather all my Wheat.*
Then many were caught up into the Air,
And with the Lord to dwell, to him repair;
Now I was left behind, and ſought to hide,
But I by him upon the Cloud was ey'd;
Alſo my Sins came freſh into my Mind,
With whom my Conſcience to accuſe me joyn'd:
On this I wak'd. *Chr.* But Sir, what was it made
You of this Sight ſo very much afraid?

Man. Why Sir, I thought the Day of Judgment com
And that I was not fit to meet my Doom;
But this was it that moſt diſturb'd my Mind,
Th' Angels took many, yet left me behind;
Hell open'd near me too, its horrid Jaws,
Alſo my Conſcience my Accuſer was:
Methoughts the Judge look'd on me very hard,
And Indignation in his Face appear'd.

† *Mat.* 13. 30. ‖ *Mat.* 3. 12.

Inte

Interp. Hast thou mark'd all, O Pilgrim, shewn thee here?

Chr Yes; and am by 'em made to hope and fear.

Interp. Then keep them also in thy Mind, that they
Like Goads may prick thee forwards in thy way:
Then *Christian*, yet beneath his heavy Load,
Addres'd himself to travel on his Road,
O'er whom the good *Interpreter* did pray,
And with this Benediction on his way
The Pilgrim sent: *The Comforter, to thee*
Thy Guide i' th' way to th' Holy City be.
Tho' Loaded yet, grown now in Grace more strong,
He as he Travell'd sung the following Song.

Here rare and profitable Things I've known,
Pleasant and dreadful, Faith to strengthen shown,
In what I have begun to take in hand:
May I them mind, them may I understand
Wherefore they shewn me were; and let me be
Thankful, O Good Interpreter, *to thee.*

And now I dream'd, when he his Song did end,
The Way was steep which he was to ascend;
On either side enclosed with a Wall,
Which they the Wall did of *Salvation* call,
Up which he did with Difficulty make,
By reason of the Burthen on his Back;
Yet with Laborious Hast still on he went,
Till he came to a certain steep Ascent,
Where stood a Cross; whence down the Hill below,
A Sepulchre its open Mouth did show:
Up with the Cross scarcely did *Christian* get,
But loose his Load did on his Shoulders set,

Then fell from off his Back, and tumbled till
'Twas almost at th' Bottom of the Hill:
Into the Sepulchre it tumbled on,
Where from my sight it was for ever gone.
Lightsome and glad thereby was *Christian* made,
Who with a merry Heart rejoyc'd and said,
He by his Sorrows here hath giv'n me Rest,
And me by's Death with Life and Comfort blest.
Then stood he still the Miracle to view,
For it to him surprizing was and new,
That when he did unto the Cross draw nigh,
He of his Burthen should be eas'd thereby;
Therefore he look'd, and look'd again, until
His Head Springs down his Cheeks did Floods distill.
Now as he stood distilling Tear on Tear,
Behold, Three shining Ones to him appear.
The First unto him said, Peace to thee be,
Also thy Sins are all forgiven thee.
The next did strip the Rags off he had worn,
And him with Change of Raiment pure adorn.
The Third a Mark upon his Forehead made,
And to him gave a Seal'd Roll, and said,
Read as you run to the Celestial Gate,
Where when you come, give in your Roll that Scrat.
This done, from *Christian* they again depart,
Who gave three Leaps, and sung with Joy at Heart.

Thus far did I come laden with my Sin,
Nor Nought could ease the Grief that I was in
Till I came hither; what a Place is this?
Must here be the beginning of my Bliss?
Must here the Burthen fall from off my Back?
Must here the Strings that bound it to me crack?
Blest Cross, blest Sepulchre, blest rather be
The Man that was on it put to shame for me.

Who's

See how the Pilgrim Righteous Robes adorn!
Old Things are past, all's new; a-new he's born:
He's a new Creature made, and does, I swear,
Like something more than Humane now appear.

Now

Now, in my Dream, I saw that on he went
Till he into a Vale had made Descent,
Who near the way, by th' Heels saw Three Men bound,
Presumption, *Simple*, *Sloth*, in sleep being drown'd:
When *Christian* saw them in this posture lie,
He to them went, and did to wake them try.
Y' are like them, cry'd he, who on Top Masts sleep,
For the Dead Sea, the Gulf, an Abyss deep
Is under you, therefore I pray awake,
And off your Irons I will help you take;
He that does roaring like a Lion stray,
Will surely come, and of you make his Prey.
With that they on him look'd, and thus reply'd.

Simple. By me there is no Danger here descry'd.

Sloth. My Flesh does yet a little sleep command.

Presump. On his own Bottom ev'ry Fat must stand.
So down to sleep they altogether lay,
And *Christian* did again go on his way:
The Danger of the Men yet troubl'd him,
And that no more they did his Aid esteem.
As he was mov'd at what might them befall,
He spy'd two Men come tumbling o'er the Wall,
Hypocrisy and *Formalist*; these Two
He thus carrest, as near to him they drew.

Chr. Whence came ye Gentlemen, where is't ye go

Hyp. and *Form*. Our Birth we to Vain Glory's Country owe,
And thence for Praise we to Mount *Zion* go.

Chr. Why came ye not in at the Gate I pray,
Which standeth i' th' beginning of the way?

You

You know 'tis written, † *Whoso cometh not*
In by the Door, but into it has got,
Or by By-ways, or into it does climb,
As Thief or Robber God will sentence him.

Hyp. and *Form.* Our Country-men in gen'ral, think too far
About it is to seek an Entrance there;
To cut it short they this way therefore run,
And tumble o'er the Wall as we have done.

Chr. Mount *Zion*'s Lord I fear will take it ill
You thus do violate his Revealed Will.

Hyp. and *Form.* Disturb not, Sir, your self for an Excuse,
We'll Custom for a Thousand Years produce.

Chr. Sirs, do you think that Plea stands good in Law?

Hyp. and *Form.* 'Gainst such a Custom, doubtless, there's no Claw;
For an Impartial Judge will it allow,
And if we get in 'tis no matter how.
Thou who cam'st thro' the Gate now, art we see
No more, nor farther in the way than we
Who climb'd the Wall, and how can any tell
Wherein thy Case does our Estate excell?

Chr. I walk by Rule the which my God has given,
Y'are by rude workings of your Fancies driven;
You by him Thieves already counted are,
Therefore i' th' end will scarce True Men appear.
You in without his true Direction force,
Without his Mercy out you go of Course.

† *John* 10. 1.

With him they us'd but little Argument,
But bid him save himself, and on they went.
Each Man his way, without conferring more,
Only at parting, told him o'er and o'er,
That as to Laws and Ordinances they
Would them as well as he keep and obey:
There is no diff'rence 'twixt us but thy Coat
Which thou'lt to hide thy shame of Neighbours got.

Chr. The Laws and Ordinances are in vain,
If th'o' the Door you did not Entrance gain.
As for my Coat, at which your Dirt you fling,
'Twas given me by *Zion*'s Lord and King;
That 'twas to hide my Nakedness I own,
For I before could nought but Rags have shown:
Surely think I, and Comfort take thereat,
When I shall come to the Celestial Gate,
The City's Lord for Good his own will know
On whom this Robe he freely did bestow;
Ev'n on the Day on which he did uncase
Me of my Rags, and set his Mark of Grace
(Which his Belov'd did on my Forehead make)
On me, of which you yet no Notice take;
I'th' Day when off my Burthen fell 'twas done,
Seldom so great a Blessing comes alone:
Which to confirm, to me a Roll he gave,
That I by Reading it might Comfort have
As I go on tow'rds the Celestial Gate,
Where I was bid to give it in thereat,
With sure and certain hope that after it
They me into the City would admit.
These Testimonials as you want, I doubt,
Since right you came not in, they'll cast you out,
They nothing to these Things in Answer gave,
Only did on each other look and laugh.

They

They all went on, but *Christian* kept before,
Nor did they talk together any more.
With his own Heart *Christian* commun'd alone,
Sometimes with Comfort, sometimes with a Groan.
Oft in the Roll the shining Ones bestow'd
He read, refresh'd thereby upon the Road:
Then I beheld they forwards went, till all
Came to the Hill they *Difficulty* call,
At Foot whereof there was a wholesom Spring,
To Two By-ways them there their Road did bring;
One turn'd to th' left, the other to the right,
The Narrow Way's Ascent was up the Height
Of *Difficulty*: *Christian* to the Spring
First went and drank, and then began to sing.

The Hill, tho' high, I covet to ascend,
The Difficulty will not me offend,
For I perceive the Way of Life lies here,
Chear up my Heart, and neither faint nor fear;
Better with Pains to Rest the right way go
Than wrong with Ease to Everlasting Woe.

The other Two, when to the Hill they came,
And saw the Height and Danger, shun'd the same;
And seeing Two Ways besides, to save some Pain,
Supposing round the Hill they met again;
The one *Destruction*, t'other *Danger* chose,
On sev'rally each Man his own way goes.
Now, he that did the Way of *Danger* tread,
Into a great discons'late Wood was led;
T'other did in *Destruction*'s Way proceed,
Which did to dark and uncouth Mountains lead;
Being on them got, it was not long before
He stumbled, fell, and rose not any more.

Then after *Christian* did I look, to view
What Courage he'd o'er Difficulty shew,
Being eager soon the Mountain to surpass,
He ran, next walk'd, then forc'd to clamber was;
The Hill was there so very steep and high.
Now half way up he did an Arbor spy,
Made by the Lord o' th' Hill, who there design'd
The weary Travellers some Rest should find.
There *Christian*, to refresh himself a while,
Sate down, e'er he proceeded up the Hill;
Then from his Bosom out he pull'd his Roll,
Therein to find some Comfort for his Soul;
There also he began again to a-new
The Coat, or Garment, he had gain'd, to view,
As he stood by the Cross, being so much pleas'd,
He first by Slumber, then by sleep was seiz'd;
Till almost Night, he was thereby trappan'd,
Sleep dropt the Roll out of his Pris'ner's Hand:
One came and wak'd him, *Go to th' Ant* (said he)
Think, Sluggard, on her ways and wiser be.
Up *Christian* starts, and on his ways he fled,
Till he had trode upon the Mountains Head,
Whose Height when he amounted had with pain,
He saw Two Men run towards him amain;
Their Names *Mistrust* and *Timorous* were, to whom
Said *Christian*, Why the wrong way do you come,
And fly so fast? Said they, we did surpass
The Difficulty of that yonder Place;
But as we farther go more Dangers find,
And therefore *Zion*'s City have declin'd;
Yes Sir, for just before us *Mistrust* said
Down in our way there were two Lions laid,
Awake or sleeping we are ignorant,
Our very smell from sleep would disenchant

Them

Them of their Reſt, tho' us they ſhould not hear;
Then wou'd they ſoon our Limbs to pieces tear.
Then *Chriſtian* ſaid, you make me fear to die,
But to be ſafe, O whither ſhall I fly?
If to my Country back I ſhould retire,
In Brimſtone with it I muſt burn and Fire;
If on with Courage and with Faith I go,
All ſhall be well with me at laſt I know:
Death is behind, the Fear of Death before,
But then beyond is Life for evermore.
Who would not forwards go? So on he went
Miſtruſt and *Timerous*, as at firſt intent,
Ran down the Hill: *Chriſtian* yet full of Fear
At what he from them did o' th' Lions hear,
Felt in his Boſom for his Roll; alas,
To his Diſcomfort, thence it miſſing was:
And that being loſt whence o't he Comfort drew,
Again once more he knew not what to do.
What oft reliev'd him, now was loſt; his Paſs
To the Celeſtial City miſſing was.
Being thus perplex'd, he thought in the Repoſe
He in the Arbor had, he might it loſe.
Down on his Knees Heav'ns Pardon to implore
For his Neglect, he fell, then back did ſcour
To find his Roll; but all the way he went,
He ſigh'd, he wept, and did himſelf torment,
That there where he ſhould but himſelf refreſh,
He fell aſleep, thro' weakneſs of the Fleſh.
On ev'ry ſide he look'd, as back he ran,
Till he the Arbor ſaw; to th' wretched Man
A Sight which did renew his Troubles all,
And th' Evil of his Sleep to Mind recall.
Thus, full of Grief he to the Arbor came;
O ſinful wretched Sleeper that I am,

With ſlothful Sleep to waſt my Time away
I' th' midſt of Difficulty and the Day,
And eaſe my ſelf therein, where Heav'n deſign'd
Only ſuch Eaſe as ſhould refreſh the Mind!
Thus *Iſrael* for their ſin, went back again
By the Red Sea, i' th' Deſerts to remain:
So Comfortleſs, I needleſs tread that Twice
Whence Once had done as well as going Thrice;
Had I not ſlept, nor backward ſtept, but on
As far at Once, as now at Thrice, I'd gone:
The Day's ſpent, the Night is now at hand,
Alas, alas, he could no longer ſtand;
So ſate him down and wept; but as he ey'd
The Place with Tears, his Roll he und'r him ſpy'd;
He ſnatcht it up and was no more diſmaid,
His Roll into his Boſom he convey'd.
Who can the Joy this Man was in define?
Such as when † *One* caus'd more than *Ninety Nine*.
Had this been loſt he was of Hopes bereaven,
His Ticket 'twas for Entrance into Heaven.
For Safety it he in his Boſom kept,
Thank'd God, went on, and now for Joy he wept.
Oh up Hill now how nimbly did he run!
Yet he prevented not the Setting Sun.
As Night came on, it forc'd him to recall
His Sleep to Mind, which did his Joys appall,
And make him thus condole. O ſinful Reſt,
How haſt thou me benighted and oppreſt!
Without the Sun I walk, Darkneſs is ſpread
Both o'er me and th' way which I muſt tread.
I hear the Voice of all the Birds of Night,
Now Beaſts of Prey to range for Food delight.

† *Mat.* 18. 13.

Ah sinful Sleep! Now flash'd into his Head
The Fears from which *Mistrust* and *Timorous* fled;
The Lions, their Ideas him affright,
More monstrous made by Fear and Gloomy Night;
Now range they for their Prey, and if with me
They meet, I can't how to escape 'em see:
While thus he griev'd he lifted up his Eyes,
Before him he a stately Palace spys,
Nam'd *Beautiful*; this Noble Structure stood
Near the High-way, its Lodge was o'er the Road;
I dreamt that *Christian* forwards went amain,
If possible, a Lodging there to gain;
Who on did to a narrow Passage post,
'Twas not a Furlong from the Lodge at most;
Observing now with Caution, he espy'd
Two Lions in the way, on either side;
(*Mistrust* and *Timorous*, cry'd he, not in vain
Affrighted were, and forced back again)
They both were chain'd, but not as he could see,
Then thinking Death so near, he turn'd to flee.
Watchful the Porter at the Lodge, descry'd
How at the Lions he was terrify'd,
And to him cry'd, Man is thy Strength so small?
They're Chained there to try the Faith of all,
To find out such as have, or have not Faith;
They none can hurt i' th' middle of the Path.
With this Direction he adventur'd thro',
They roar'd, but did no harm unto him do:
Then he rejoyc'd, and ask'd the Porter where
He for a Night might have a Lodging there.

Porter. The Lord o' th' Hill it for that End design'd,
That Pilgrims here Relief and Rest might find.

† *Mark* 13. 14.

May I ask you where go you, whence you came?

Chr. I of the City of *Destruction* am,
And to Mount *Zion* go, but since 'tis late,
Request the Night to Lodge within your Gate.

Port. I crave your Name. *Chr.* My Name is *Christian* now,
'Twas *Graceless* first; from *Japhet*'s Root I grow,
Whom God perswades i' th' Tents of *Shem* to dwell.

Port. What to belate you thus has you befell?

Chr. Had I not in the Arbor slept, I'd came
Much sooner here, ah Wretch indeed I am!
Therein I lost my Evidence, and came
Quite up the Hill; then felt for the same,
And found it not; to find it back I went
With Grief at Heart, but found it with Content.

Port. I'll call one of the Virgins of the Place,
She'll you receive finds she but in you Grace,
According to the Rules of Charity;
So rang the Bell, the Cause whereof to see
Discretion came, a Beauty young and grave,
She ask'd the Porter what he'd with her have?

Port. One in the City of *Destruction* bred,
Hither has thence towards Mount *Zion* fled;
But being weary and benighted, would,
Might he, Lodge here too Night; to him I told,
I'd for thee call, who kind wouldst to him be
According to the Rules of *Charity*.
She ask'd him how he got into the way?

Chr. Evangelist the Method did display.

Discr. What have you seen? He to her One by One,
Recounted what he'd seen and undergone,
And said, the rather here I'd Lodge, because
By th' Lord o' th' Hill this Place Erected was
For Rest for Pilgrims, and for their Supplies.
She smil'd, and yet the Tears flow'd in her Eyes;
After some Pause she said unto him, I
Will call some others of the Family.
She *Prudence* call'd, the others also heard,
And *Piety* and *Charity* appear'd.
After Discourse they to his wish accord,
And said, *Come in thou Blessed of the Lord.*
To him within the Rest repeat the same,
Saying, *Blest art thou who comest in his Name.*
The Lord o' th' Hill this Fabrick did erect
On purpose such as thou art to protect.
He bow'd his Head, and was Conducted in,
Rejoycing he had so accepted been.
With one Consent they him to sit request,
And then resolve to entertain their Guest
Till Supper's serv'd, with most Delight to him;
And for the best Improvement of their Time,
They *Prudence*, *Piety* and *Charity*
Appoint, his Conversation th' while to be.

Piety. Since we did you so kindly in invite,
And entertain you in our House too Night,
Let us thereby more largely now engage
You to inform us of your Pilgrimage.

Chr. I'm all Obedience to your kind Request,
Who condescend so much to such a Guest.

Piety. What mov'd you thus on Pilgrimage to come?

Chr. By dreadful Sounds forc'd from my Native Home.

Discr. Such

Such Sounds as these my Ears and Peace did rend,
Inevitable Ruin does attend.
This Place wherein thou now dost make abode,
Fire shall consume it out of Heav'n, from God.

Piety. How chanc'd it that your Flight thence this way was?

Chr. Why doubtless, God's Appointment was the Cause;
When at *Destruction* I was fill'd with Fear,
And knew not to avoid it how nor where:
As thus it was, There One unto me came,
(*Evangelist* was the good Angel's Name)
Who did direct me to the Wicket-Gate,
Or I had ne'er an Entrance found thereat,
Thro' which I only hither thence could flee.

Piety. Th' House of th' Interpreter did you not see?

Chr. Yes, and therein such Warnings did receive
As I shall mind as long as I shall live:
Three Things especially I shall retain.
First, how the Work of Grace Christ does maintain,
And all the Faintings of our Hearts repair,
In spight o' th' Prince o' th' Power of the Air.
Next his Despair, who sinn'd his Hopes away
Of God's great Mercy, who does Wrath delay.
Lastly, his Dream; who thought the Day of Doom
And final Judgment on the World was come.

Piety. Why, did you hear him tell his Dream? *Chr.* Indeed;
So dreadful 'twas it made my Heart to bleed;
Yet glad I am it was to me reveal'd.

Piety. But was this all you in his House beheld?

Chr. He to a Heavenly Palace me convey'd,
Where those within were in true Gold Array'd;

And

And how a Man endu'd with Gifts Divine,
In whom did real Faith and Virtue joyn
With Christian Courage, nobly made his way
Thro' th' Armed Men, who did his Hopes gainsay,
And saw how they within what he had done
Lik'd, saying, *Immortal Glory thou hast won.*
Ravish'd thereat, I could with him an Age
Have liv'd, had I not had a farther Stage.

Piety. What saw you since? *Chr.* In my way did see
One, as I thought, hang bleeding on a Tree,
Whose very Sight did off my Burthen take.
(For then a grievous Load lay on my Back)
As I look'd up so strange a Thing to view,
Three shining Ones in white near to me drew.
One testify'd my Sins were me forgiven;
This Robe for Rags was by the Second given;
The Third my Forehead seal'd with th' Mark of Heaven.
Gave me this Roll my Comfort to compleat,
(So pluck'd it out) to enter *Zion*'s Gate.

Piety. What saw you more? *Chr.* These are the Chief and Best;
Yet since you please, I will recount the Rest.
Three Men, *Presumption*, *Sloth* and *Simple*, I
Saw fast asleep, their Heels I chain'd did spy;
They'd neither Sleep nor Chains forego at all.
I saw Two Men come tumbling o'er the Wall;
One was *Formality*, the other's Name
Hypocrisy, they o'er for *Zion* came,
As they pretended, but were quickly lost,
As I foretold them, when I heard them boast.
The Hill and Lions caus'd me Fear and Pain;
I know not but I had gone back again,
Had not the Porter's Voice my Fears reliev'd;
But now (thank God) I'm here by you receiv'd.

Pi

Prud. Think you not o' th' Place from whence you came?

Chr. Yes, But with Deteſtation and with ſhame,
Had I a Mind I to it might retire:
Not that, † *A Heavenly Country I deſire.*

Prud. Do not its Carnal Objects reach your Mind?

Chr. Yes, but no Acceptation in it find:
The Things wherein my Country-men delight,
As I have done, now grieve my Thoughts and Sight;
Could I, I utterly would them exclude,
But when I'd chuſe the Beſt, the worſt intrude.

Prud. But find you not they ſometimes vanquiſh'd are?

Chr. Yes; but thoſe *Golden Hours* are very rare.

Prud. Perceive you not what makes 'em moſt with-
(draw?

Chr. Yes; when I think what at the Croſs I ſaw,
Or view my Coat, or look upon my Roll,
Or when warm Thoughts of *Zion* melt my Soul.

Prud. Why to Mount *Zion* do you ſo aſpire?

Chr. The Bleeding Jeſus does my Wiſhes fire;
Whom in his Glory there I hope t' enjoy,
And leave the Things which now my Soul annoy:
Since there's no ‖ *Death*; *the ſting of Sin's but Joy*
Unutterable, all are Juſt and Pure,
And I love Chriſt, becauſe my Sins he bore.
I of Sin's Inward Sickneſs weary am,
And long for Love's true never-dying Flame,

† *Heb.* 11. 15, 16. ‖ *Iſa.* 25. 8. *Rev.* 21. 4.

And

And with the Saints my Hallelujahs joyn,
And cry thrice Holy with the Choirs Divine.

Char. Lead you a ſingle or a marry'd Life?

Chr. I have a Family, four Children and a Wife.

Char. Why did you not conduct them hither too?

Chr. With Tears I for them my Affection ſhew;
Dear as my Soul I their Salvation prize,
But * *Pilgrimage was odious in their Eyes.*

Char. But did you them your Fears of Ruin ſhew,
For I ſuppoſe 'twas clear enough to you?

Chr. Yes, conſtantly, yea they might ſee my Fears
Expreſt in Groans, and viſible in Tears
And Trembligs, thro' my apprehenſive Dread
Of Judgments hanging there o'er ev'ry Head;
But all was inſufficient to ſucceed,
With them a Pilgrim's Life with me to lead.

Char. What Arguments could they againſt it uſe?

Chr. My Wife fear'd ſhe thereby this World ſhould loſe
It's Pomps and Vanities and Fleſhly Luſts
My Children lov'd; ſo go alone I muſt.

Char. But did not your vain Life damp all you ſaid,
To th' Way of Godlineſs them to perſwade.

Chr. Indeed, I can't my Life commend I own,
So much its Frailty is unto me known:
I alſo know, one's Converſation may
Invalidate what we to others ſay,
To check their ſins, and learn 'em Life's Right way:

* *Gen.* 19. 14.

Yet

Yet took I care all Actions to avoid,
Whereby they th' o' Offence might be annoy'd,
And their Desires of Life i' th' least destroy'd:
Yea, in this Point they said I was precise,
And did Things harmless in themselves misprize;
'Twas if they Ought in me amiss did scann,
My tender Conscience both to God and Man.

Char. Cain did indeed his Brother hate, and why?
* *He did amiss, his Brother righteously.*
If thus to thee thy Wife and Children prove,
They shew to Goodness they have little Love,
And thou art guiltless of their wretched State.
Now, in my Dream I saw, while thus they sate,
Supper was ready, and to Table brought,
Fat Things, Wine well refin'd, true Bread they'd got;
And all their Talk was, while they sate at Meat,
O' th' Lord o' th' Hill, and of his Actions great.
By what I heard, all Heroes he exceeds,
Fearful in Praises, doing wondr'ous Deeds.
† *He him that had the Pow'r of Death subdu'd*
By his own Death, but only for our Good:
By Strength or Conduct was he not o'erthrown;
He lost not Life, but laid it for Us down;
'Twas as a Price for our Redemption given
Into the Omnipresent Hand of Heaven.

Chr. For as they say, and I believe, our Good
Was purchas'd by his Death and precious Blood;
But what did most his Deeds with Glory Crown,
He for his Country fought, not for Renown.
Some of the Housho'd to him thus reply'd,
W' 'ave seen him oft since on the Cross he di'd,

* *Gen.* 4. 5. † *Heb.* 2. 14, 15.

And

And with him ſpoke as talking to a Friend,
And teſtify how he does condeſcend
To talk of Pilgrims, and have heard him ſay,
His Love to them God only can diſplay;
No Parallel can to his Love be found,
From *Eaſt* or *Weſt*, or all the World around.

That them he more than Glory lov'd he ſhow'd,
Who ſtrip'd himſelf thereof to do them good;
Who ſaid, without the Poor and humble One,
He'd not in *Zion*'s Mountain dwell alone,
Tho' † *Beggars from the Dunghill ſprung* (they ſaid)
He had of many Pilgrims Princes made.

Thus they diſcours'd, till late i' th' Night 'twas grown,
Then under Heaven's Protection lay them down,
Each in their own Apartment, to their Reſt;
Their Love to th' Pilgrim was by's ‖ *Room* expreſt;
Who in a ſtately Chamber lodg'd alone,
Whoſe Windows open'd to the Riſing Sun:
Its Name was *Peace*; ſweet Sleep cloſe to him clung
Till Break of Day, then he awoke and ſung.

Where am I now! Is this thy Love and Care,
O Jeſu, for the Men that Pilgrims are,
Thus to provide for thoſe thou haſt forgiven,
And treat us here with Antepaſts of Heaven.

I' th' Morn they roſe, and their Diſcourſe renew'd,
Not ſuffering to depart till him they'd ſhew'd
The Rarieties the Palace did include:
And firſt they in the Study let him ſee
The Records kept from all Antiquity.

† *Pſal.* 113. 7. ‖ Chriſtian's *Bed-Chamber.*

The

The First to him their Lord's Descent displays,
The only Son o' th' Antient of Days,
Who by Eternal Generation, Lord
Of all was own'd: Herein did they record
More fully all the Acts that he had done,
And Names of Hundreds before *Christian* gone,
Who in such Habitations now had Place,
Nor Time, nor Accidents could them deface.

The Noble Acts then of his Servants shew'd,
As how they † *Mighty Kingdoms had subdu'd,*
Wrought Righteousness, and Promises obtain'd,
Stop'd Lion's Mouths, and force of Fire restrain'd;
Escap'd the Sword, made out of Weakness strong,
And put to flight the Aliens Armed Throng.

Then to him read the Orders of their Court,
Christ's Love to such as to him do resort;
How willingly he does their wants relieve,
Ev'n those who in Times past him much did grieve,
And both his Cause and Person did affront.
There were more Hist'ries too of great Account:
Christian had of them all a transient View,
Of Prophesies and good Things, old and new,
And Things which shortly must accomplish'd be,
To the Dread and Ruine of the Enemy.
Their Enemies with Dread and Shame shall fall,
But *Christian*'s true; thereat be joyful all.

They him thence to the Armoury convey,
All Sorts of Armour to him they display,
The which the Lord for Pilgrims did prepare,
As Sword, Shield, Helmet, Breast-plate, and all Pray'r

† *Heb.* 11. 33, 34.

An

And Shoes that ne'er wear out: There was therein
Both Arms enough and Armour to be ſeen
To furniſh out as many for his Wars
As are of Heav'n, for multitude, the Stars.
They alſo ſhew him Inſtruments, whereby
Some of his Servants had done wondrouſly:
They ſhew'd him *Moſes* Rod, th' Hammer and Nail
Which was thro' *Siſera*'s Temples ſtruck by *Jael*:
The Pitchers, Trumpets, Lamps, by which to flight
Gideon the Armies did of *Midian* fright:
Alſo the Ox's Goad they to him ſhew,
Six Hundred Men by't valiant *Shamger* ſlew.
They ſhew'd him *Sampſon*'s Jaw-bone of an Aſs,
Wherewith he brought ſuch mighty Feats to paſs:
The Sling with which the Stone young *David* threw,
Which *Gath*'s ſtout Champion great *Goliah* ſlew:
Alſo, the Sword with which the Lord will ſlay
The Man of Sin, in his appointed Day.
They many Things moſt excellent beſide
Shew'd him, and much was *Chriſtian* gratify'd.
To Reſt again they went, when they had done,
I' th' Morn he roſe, and forwards would have gone;
Whom till the Morrow they to ſtay requeſt,
Saying, if the Day was clear, his Sight ſhould bleſt
Be with th' Delectable Mountains, which they ſaid,
Much farther yet would to his Comfort add;
Which nearer were to the Celeſtial Gate
Than was the Place he was at preſent at.
Him in the Morn they to the Turrets took,
And to the *South* directed him to look:
So at a great and mighty Diſtance, he
Did a moſt pleaſant Mountainous Country ſee,
With Woods and Vineyards beautify'd, with Rills,
All Flow'rs and Fruits, and Springs among the Hills

And Mountains, full of Pleasure and Delight,
Both for their Sweetness and their distant Sight.
The Country's Name he ask'd to understand,
They told him it was call'd † *Immanuel*'s Land;
'Tis common as the Palace to you here,
To Pilgrims all who to Mount *Zion* steer.
When there you come, thence from the Mountains you
May th' Gate o' the Celestial City view,
The which, the Shepherds which inhabit there
Will clearly to you kindly make appear.
Now, he design'd his Leave of them to take,
And they were willing; (only for his Sake)
But took him first into the Armoury,
That they therein might arm him Cap-a-pee
With Armour Proof, lest as he went along,
He might Assailants meet for him too strong.
Being thus Accoutred, with his Friends to th' Gate,
He goes, to know what Pilgrims pass'd of late.

Port. There past by One, I him his Name to tell
Requested, *Faithful* 'twas. *Chr.* I know him well;
He is my Townsman, and did near me dwell.
How far before me think you he is past?

Port. He down the Hill e'er now is got at least.

Chr. The Lord, good Porter, with thee be I pray,
Thy Love to me with greater Love repay.
His Journey then begins: Him to attend
With him together they the Hill descend.
'Twas hard t' ascend, said *Christian*; 'tis I see
Hard to go down into Humility.

† *Isaiah* 33. 16, 17.

Prud. To th' Vale to go 'tis hard, as thou art now,
And not to slip, descending such a Brow:
Therefore, we'll to the Valley with thee go.
Yet by the way he caught a Slip or two.
I saw these good Companions, in my Dream,
When to the Bottom of the Hill they came,
To *Christian* gave what Bread and Wine he'd need,
And Bunch of Raisons, then they did proceed,
And mutual Valediction give and take;
And now the generous Virgins turned back.
Christian had but a little farther on
I' th' Valley of *Humiliation* gone,
But there a cross the Field to meet him came
A monstrous Fiend, *Apollyon* foul by Name.
Christian thro' Fear, knew not what Course to take,
Whither to stand, or whither to go back.
He had no Armour on his Back he found,
Therefore, resolv'd he'd rather stand his Ground
Than pierced thro' be with his Darts behind;
For if to save my Life I have a Mind,
It is my only way to face the Fiend.
So on he went; *Apollyon* to his view
Was of a monstrous Shape and hideous Hue,
All arm'd with Scales like Fish, (his Pride they are)
His Wings like Dragon's Wings, Feet like a Bear;
Out of his Belly issu'd Fire and Smoak,
A Lion's Mouth, and like a Lion spoke.
When he to *Christian* came, fill'd with disdain,
He thus began the Pilgrim to arraign.

Apol. Where are you bound? And tell me whence you came?

Chr. I of the City of *Destruction* am;
From that ill Place to *Zion*'s City go.

Apol

Apol. Hereby I now know thou my Subject art,
I'm Prince and God thereof, and will not part
With any Subject thus. How! Ru'agate,
Rebel and Traytor to my Crown and State,
Durst thou to fly? Had I not hopes that thou
Wouldst do me Service yet, I'd cruſh thee now.

Chr. I was indeed in your Dominions born,
And almoſt out with your hard Service worn;
† *Death is the wages we for Sin receive*
You know. I by your Wages could not live;
And being to Years of more Diſcretion grown,
Look out for better Service than your own.

Apol. No Prince will loſe his Subjects lightly, nor
Will I loſe thee as yet, or give thee o'er;
But ſince of Work and Wages you complain,
I'll give the much and Eaſe go back again.

Chr. I've let my ſelf to the Prince of Kings for hire,
And can by no means back with thee retire.

Apol. 'Tis with Profeſſors now in Faſhion grown,
T' eſpouſe his Cauſe a while to ſerve their own:
Come, with me go occaſionally back,
Rather than a Preferment loſe, or lack.

Chr. I've to him Faith and true Allegiance ſworn,
And can't, unleſs a Traytor, from him turn.

Apol. Thou haſt already prov'd to me the ſame;
Go back, yet willing to forgive I am.

† *Rom.* 6. 23.

Chr

Chr. Thro' Force, not Right, I did Obedience ſhow,
I did not then thy Uſurpations know;
Know that the Lord our Maſter and our Friend,
Will both forgive the Crime, and me defend:
Beſides, *Apollyon*, thou deſtroying Fiend,
I by my Change do much my Life amend;
And more his Service and his Wages love,
His Servants and their Company approve,
His Company and Country better too
Than thine: No more thy fruitleſs Suit perſue;
I am his Servant, and will him obey.

Apol. Whilſt in cool Blood, conſider what you ſay,
And what thou'rt like to meet with in the way.
Thou know'ſt his Servants come to grievous Ends,
And that he ne'er comes down among his Friends,
To help them in Diſtreſs, whereas 'tis known
To all the World how I aſſiſt my own,
By Pow'r or Fraud; and will do ſo for thee,
If thou again wilt ſubject to me be.

Chr. Saints ſuffer now t' approve their Faith and Love,
And here in God, thro' Chriſt, both live and move;
Tho' ſeeming ill, moſt Glorious is their End,
They on their Temp'ral Safety don't depend,
But wait for Chriſt, with him to take their Place,
And judge o' th' Angels fall'n the Apoſtate Race.

Apol. Thou haſt unfaithful to him been, and how
Doſt think to merit of him Wages now?

Chr. Wherein have I unfaithful to him been?

Apol. In fainting when thou didſt Life's Race begin,

When almost choak'd in *Despond*; when you trod
In Paths forbidden to get off your Load;
When thou thro' sinful Sleep didst lose thy Roll;
When at the Lions Fear possess'd thy Soul.
When thou dost of thy Journey vainly boast,
Thou hast Vain Glory sought in all thou dost.

Chr. All this is true, but he in whom I live
Is merciful, and readiest to forgive.
I their Infection in thy Country caught,
And groan'd beneath the Load therein I got,
Which did o' th' need to fly my Soul convince,
And have obtained Pardon of my Prince.

Apol. I here declare my self his mortal Foe,
And hate his Laws, and all that to him go;
And am come out on purpose to withstand
Thy Progress here, with a relentless Hand.

Chr. I'm in the King's High-Way of Holiness,
Beware how you its Priviledge transgress.
Apollyon straddled quite a thwart, and said,

Apol. As to that am not at all afraid.
By my *Infernal Den*, I will controul,
I swear, thy Progress, and let out thy Soul.
With that, a flaming Dart he at him sent,
Th' Effect of which he did with Shield prevent.
Then *Christian* drew, and did the Fiend assail;
The Monster threw his Darts as thick as Hail:
The Pilgrim could not all his Shafts avoid,
But was i' th' Head, in Hand and Foot annoy'd;
Which made him give a little Ground: The Fiend
Prest on; fresh Courage fir'd the Pilgrim's Mind.
For half a Day, or more, they fought; at last
The Pilgrim's Strength, thro's Wounds, began to wast:

The

The Fiend then with him clos'd; a dreadful Fall
The Saint receiv'd, and loſt his Sword withall.
I have thee cry'd the Fiend: Now, deſperate
Was *Chriſtian*'s Caſe: But juſt (as God would ha't)
While th' Fiend to give the fatal Blow contriv'd,
Chriſtian regain'd his Sword: At which reviv'd,
He cry'd, † *Rejoice not Fiend, to riſe I fell.*
Then gave him ſuch a Thruſt, it made him yell
As at a mortal Wound: *Chriſtian* purſu'd
The Blow, and cry'd, ‖ *O'er Falls and Enemies*
We more than Conquerors do, thro' Jeſus, riſe.
With that his Dragons Wings *Apollyon* ſpread,
And utterly away from *Chriſtian* fled.

A more unequal Match can hardly be,
Chriſtian fights a faln Angel; but you ſee
The valiant Man, by handling Sword and Shield,
Does make him, tho' a Dragon, quit the Field.

None can, unleſs they'd ſeen the Combate, tell
The Fiend's Infernal Roar and Hideous Yell,
Who with the Venom of a Dragon ſpoke,
Whilſt Sighs and Groans from th' Heart of *Chriſtian* broke
Inceſſantly, till he had given, he found,
With's Two-edg'd Sword, *Apollyon* ſuch a Wound:
Then he could ſmile on Heaven and thus rejoyce,
Exalting to its Praiſe his grateful Voice,
Who from Hell's Lion's Mouth has ſav'd my Soul,
Ev'n from *Apollyon*, him will I extoll.

Great *Belzebub*, the Captain of this Fiend,
My Ruine ſought, to gain his Deviliſh End:
He ſent him Harneſt out, and he with Rage
Infernal, fiercely did with me engage;

† *Mich.* 7. 8. ‖ Rom. 8. 8, 9.

But by the Pow'r of God, thro' Jesus, I
With Dint of Sword made the faln Angel fly:
Therefore will I Thanksgivings pay, and Laud
Eternally the Everlasting God.

Some Leaves o' th Tree of Life a Hand him brought,
A Cure immediate they upon him wrought,
Then sate to th' Bread and Wine the Virgin Band
Bestow'd, and then went on with Sword in Hand,
But did no Foe quite thro' the Valley find;
Now to't the Valley of Death's Shadow joyn'd,
Which *Christian* needs must pass, 'cause thro't the Way
To the Celestial Gate directly lay;
The Knowledge of it *Jeremy* has taught,
† *An uncouth Land, of Desarts, Pits and Droughts*
Death's Shadow's Vale, thro' which none ever pass,
(But Christians) *where no Man a Dwelling has.*
'Twas worse to *Christian* than *Apollyon's* Fight,
As you will find. When he was got en nigh't,
Two Sons of such as brought an ‖ *Ill Report*
Of the good Land he met, whom in this Sort
He did accost. Where go ye Back? O Back!
If Life or Peace you prize, our Method take.

Chr. What is the matter? *Men.* Matter! Why we went so far it almost did our Flight prevent.

Chr. What met you with? *Men.* *Death's Shadow's Vale we We chanc'd to look but just before we leapt. ('scapt,

Chr. What have you seen? *Men.* The Valley, and in it Hobgoblins, Satyrs, Dragons of the Pit,
And People bound in Misery and Iron,
Howling and Yelling seem it to environ;

† *Jer.* 2. 6. ‖ *Numb.* 13. * *Psal.* 4. 19. *Psal.* 117. 19.

Its dismal Clouds Confusion o'er it brings,
And Death o'er-spreads it with his sable Wings.
A dreadful Hellish *Chaos* 'tis, in fine.

Chr. Tho' 'tis not your way, yet I think it mine.
It to my wisht for Haven leads. *Men.* Be't thine;
We'll no such Danger chuse: So part.
——— ——— Still on
Went *Christian*, forwards as he Erst had gone.
The Right o' th' Vale was with a Ditch confin'd,
Into which still the Belind do lead the Blind.
On th' left a Quag, if into't good Men fall,
They find no Ground; much less the wicked shall.
Here *David* fell, and had been lost, no doubt,
If He that's able had not pluckt him out.

The Path being narrow, it did *Christian* tire,
I' th' Dark to shun the Ditch, and then the Mire;
He groan'd for fear of Dangers from Above,
His Feet he knew not how nor where to move.

In the Midd Way I saw the Mouth of Hell,
Near the Way-side, Flames, horrid Smoak and Smell
Still issu'd thence, and Things to be abhorr'd:
(Which did not, as *Apollyon*, fear his Sword.)
All Pray'r was now his only Weapon made;
† *O Lord I pray thee save my Soul*, he said.
As he went on, the Flames would tow'rds him fly;
He Rushings heard and doleful Voices cry,
And thought he oft should torn in pieces be,
Or trod like Mire i' th' Streets. This did he see
And hear for sev'ral Miles; at length he stopt,
For fear of many Fiends his Courage dropt.

† *Psal.* 116. 3.

Which

Which seem'd approaching, him i' th' Dark t' oppose,
Uncertain to go back or on; he chose
At length, come what there wou'd he'd forward move,
For Back to be the longest Half might prove.
Now, when the Fiends did very near him seem
To be, as if they'd have insulted him,
With a most resolute vehement Voice and Tone
He cry'd, *I' th' Strength o' the Lord God I'll on.*
Now *Christian* was, thro' Darkness, Fear and Noise,
Confounded; so he knew not his own Voice.
Thus I perceiv'd it, and how he was caught
When up with Mouth o' th' burning Pit he got,
One of the wicked Ones whisp'ring behind,
Suggested Blasphemies into his Mind
So softly, unperceiv'd, that he indeed
Believ'd they did from his own Mind proceed.
To think he should blaspheme, disturb'd him more
Than all the Mis'ries he had felt before;
That he should him he lov'd so much blaspheme,
But he being unexperienc'd, did not dream
Whence those accurs'd Blasphemous Motions came.

As he went thus discons'late on his way,
He heard One thus before him, sigh and say.
† *Tho' thro' the Vale I of Death's Shadow steer,*
Since thou art with me, I'll no Evil fear.

At which he was, for sev'ral Causes, glad.

1. Cause near him one that trusted God he had,
And one that did his Suff'rings with him share.

2. And that they then were God's immediate Care,

† *Psal.* 23. 4.

Tho'

Tho' in that dark and dismal State; why not?
If God be with him, with me too he thought;
Tho' thro' the Grosness of this dismal Place,
† *I cannot clearly see his Care and Grace.*

3. For that he hop'd he Company should gain,
So on he went, and to him call'd a-main:
The other knew not what was to be done
In Answer, for he thought himself alone.
Now the Day broke, and *Christian* said, ‖ *He hath*
Into the Morning turn'd the Shades of Death.

Now he look'd back, to see i' th' Light o' th' Day,
Thro' what strange Hazards he had steer'd his way;
So saw the Ditch and Quag on either side,
And th' Narrow Way, which him so much had try'd;
Hobgoblins, Satyrs, Dragons, all afar,
Of Day afraid, by him discerned are.
* *Deep things of Darkness God reveals to sight,*
And brings the Gloomy Shades of Death to Light.

Christian was much affected with't, to be
From such a Way and World of Dangers free:
The Sun to crown his Comforts now appear'd;
That was more dismal, this more to be fear'd:
Quite full the Vale, thro' which he now must steer,
Was of Traps, Gins, Pits, Nets, and every Snare,
That had it now been dark, he could not one.
Had he a Thousand Souls, have sav'd. The Sun
Now just was up; therefore the Pilgrim said,
¶ *His Candle shine bt on my Head has made,*
And by his Light I led thro' Darkness am,
At which to th' End he of the Valley came;

† *Job* 9. 10. ‖ *Amos* 5. 8. * *Job* 12. 22. ¶ *Job* 29. 35.

Where Human Bodies, Aſhes, Bones and Blood
Of former Pilgrims all about were ſtrow'd;
At which admiring, I a Cave eſpy'd,
Where th' Giants, *Pope* and *Pagan*, did reſide,
Of what I ſaw they the Occaſion were;
But *Chriſtian* paſt without much Danger here;
At which I much admiring, learnt the Cauſe,
A long time ſince *Pagan* Expired was:
Tho' t'other liv'd, he was ſo weak thro' Age,
He could do little more than ſhew his Rage:
Yet the old Tyrant's Sight made *Chriſtian* ſtart,
The Blood-hound could not but betray his Heart,
And cry, 'Till more are burnt you'll never mend:
Yet no Misfortune did the Saint attend,
Who thus in Praiſe expreſs'd his Thankfulneſs.

O World of Wonders! (I can ſay no leſs)
That I ſhould be preſerv'd in that Diſtreſs
That I have met with here! O Bleſſ-d be
The Hand that from it hath deliver'd me
From Dangers, Darkneſs, Devils, Hell and Death,
Which compaſt me while in the Vale beneath;
Yea Snares, and Pits, and Traps, and Nets did lie
About my Path, that worthleſs ſilly I
Might have been caught, entangled, and caſt down:
But ſince I live let JESUS *wear the Crown.*

As on he went, he near a Riſing drew,
Caſt up, that Pilgrims might before them view;
Aſcended thence, he *Faithful* in the Way
Before him ſaw, and to him cry'd to ſtay.
I dare not for my Life, *Faithful* rejoyn'd,
Of Blood the dread Avenger is behind.

Chriſtian

Christian at his Denial took distast,
Strove and out-ran him, so the *first was last*.
Vain-gloriously did *Christian* smile, because
He gotten now before his Brother was;
But heedless fell, and thro' the Bruise and Pain,
'Till *Faithful* helpt him, could not rise again.
This † *Fall* a Friendship 'twixt 'em did engage,
And fix'd the Union of their Pilgrimage.

Chr. Dear *Faithful*, well o'erta'en, I'm glad Heav'n has
So harmoniz'd our Tempers and our Ways.

Faith. I thought t' 'ave born you Company from Home,
So have thus far alone been forc'd to come.

Chr. How long was it that you behind me staid?

Faith. 'Till of a longer Stay I was afraid;
For all the Talk was, after you were flown,
That Fire from Heaven would burn our City down.

Chr. Ay! *Faith.* 'Twas a while a general Alarm.

Chr. But did you only seek to fly the harm?

Faith. For all their Talk they, hardly thought it true;
For oft, ev'n then, I heard 'em scoff at you:
Your Pilgrimage they, as desp'rate, did reprove;
Yet will its End be Fire, and from Above;
Therefore I made Escape. *Chr.* But did you hear
How *Pliable* did for returning fare?

Faith. I heard you both i' th' Slough of *Destond* fell,
Tho' he'd not own't, on him its Dirt did tell.

† *The Falls of Christians are Blessings to 'em.*

Chr. What did all say, tho' he the Truth deny'd?

Faith. All sorts of Folks did greatly him deride.
Some mock, some scorn'd, scarce one will with him deal,
He's ten times worse than if he had sate still.

Chr. But why, since 'tis a Course they slander too?

Faith. Hang him say they, he's not to any true.
God seems to make his † *Foes* at him to hiss,
Because he has forsook the Way of Bliss.

Chr. Had you no Talk with him before you came?

Faith. I saw him once, but he sheer'd off for shame.

Chr. Once I had of him hopes; but fear he now
Will perish in our City's Overthrow.
He, ‖ *like the Dog, to's Vomit does retire,*
Like the wash'd Sow, re-wallows in the Mire.

Faith. I fear so too; but who can Fate withstand?

Chr. Let's leave Things past, and mind the Things at hand.
Pray tell me what y'ave met with in the Way;
If nought, a mighty Wonder you display.

Faith. I 'scap'd the Slough, and safely reach'd the Gate;
Only one ¶ *Wanton* fain wou'd with me treat.

Chr. Scarce *Joseph* could, 'twas well you 'scap'd her Net.
After what manner did she you beset?

Faith. You could not think (but that you something know)
How fain she would have bent me to her Bow;

† *Jer.* 18. 18, 19. ‖ 2 *Pet.* 2. 22. ¶ *Gen.* 39. 11, 12, 13.

She

She promis'd me all manner of Content.

Chr. Not that of Conscience, good and innocent?

Faith. You know i' th' Flesh, not in the Spirit I meant.

Chr. Thank God, y' obey'd not her Adult'rous Call
Whom he abhors; † *Into her Ditch shall fall.*

Faith. I know not where I quite escap'd her Guile.

Chr. You gratify'd her not? *Faith.* Not to defile
My Body with her: I remember'd well
'Twas of her said, ‖ *Her steps take hold on Hell.*
So shut my Eyes her Tempting Looks to shun,
Then she went Railing off, and I came on.

Chr. What met you more? *Faith.* When to the Foot I came
Of *Difficulty*, One of Age extream;
Me ask'd whence came? Where go ye? I told't him;
Thou dost, said he, an honest Fellow seem,
Wo't with me dwell for Wages I shall give?
I crav'd his Name, and where 'twas he did live,
What was his Work, what Gain I should receive.
His Name was ¶ *The first Adam*, Town *Deceit*,
Many Delights his Work, and I should by't
Be made his Heir at last; then said I, Sir,
What House d' y' keep? What Servants have you there?
All Dainties of the World my House affords us,
I get my Servants as do other Lords:
I also got Three Daughters by my Wife;
* *The Lust o' th' Flesh, o' th' Eyes, and Pride of Life.*

† *Prov.* 22. 24. ‖ *Prov.* 5. 5. *Job* 31. 1. ¶ *Eph.* 4. 22.
* 1 John 2. 26.

I'll

All, if you will, one of them to you give,
And keep you Both as long as I shall live.

Chr. But, the Event? *Faith.* I thought to go, till I
This Writing in his Forehead did espy.
Put off the Old Man with his Deeds. *Chr.* Indeed!

Faith. Then I of farther Warning had no need.
I knew of me he thought to make a Slave;
Be gone said I, I'll no such Master have.
He rail'd, and said, he'd one to plague me send:
Just as I turn'd, he strove my Flesh to rend;
A Deadly Twitch he gave me back, I thought
He part of me away had with him caught;
Which made me cry aloud, † *O wretched Man!*
Soon onwards up the Hill I from him ran.
Being half way up the Hill, I look'd behind,
And saw one chase me swifter than the Wind:
Just where the Arbor stands he to me came.

Chr. I lost, thro' Sleep, my Roll within the same.

Faith. Good Brother hear, 'twas but a Word and Blow;
He knock'd me down; the Sense thereof to know
When I reviv'd I ask'd, he did rejoyn,
You to *Old Adam* did too much incline:
Another Blow then cross my Breast he gave;
When I reviv'd, said I, I Mercy crave.
You Mercy can't (said he) of me obtain;
With that he laid me sprawling once again.
But One came by and bid him spare, or I
Had there Expir'd. *Chr.* Who 'twas did you descry?

† *Rom.* 7. 24.

Faith.

Faith. When at the first by me he past!
I spy'd Holes in his Hands, his Feet, and in his Side;
Then knew I 'twas our Lord, and so went on.

Chr. 'Twas † *Moses* beat you, for he spareth none,
Who can't forgive such as transgress his Law.

Faith. I know it very well, him oft I saw;
'Twas he at Home made me so much afraid,
Who said he'd burn my House if there I staid.

Chr. But saw you not the Palace on the Hill?

Faith. Yes, and the Lions, but asleep so still,
It being but Noon, went on, no Time to waste,
And by the Porter, down the Hill I past.

Chr. He told me you went by, I wish that you
Had stay'd and seen what they could to you shew,
You'd ne'er have them so got. Who did you see
I pray, I'th' Valley of *Humility*?

Faith. One *Discontent*, he'd have me Back, because
That in the Valley there no Honour was;
He told me too, to walk in such a Way
Was all my Friends down-right to disobey,
As Arrogancy, Self-Conceit and Pride,
And Worldly Glory (who I know he cry'd)
Would be incens'd, should they but hear you made
Your self so much a Fool as thro't to wade.

Chr. What Answer made you? *Faith.* Why I own'd 'twas clear
(According to the Flesh) my Kin they were:

† *The Temper* of Moses.

Yet

Yet, as a Pilgrim, they did me disown,
I them; so from us all Relation's flown:
Said I, you do the Valley wrong to me;
For before Honour is Humility,
And Pride before a Fall. Said I to him,
The Way to Honour I this Vale esteem,
And that to Honour's Chief and Noblest Mount,
And such the Best and Wisest it account;
I this way rather would to Honour move,
Than gain what you think worthiest of your Love.

Chr. Met you with nothing else? *Faith.* I met with *Shame*
But not as is the Man so is his Name;
All others would to be reproved shun,
But bold Fac'd *Shame* I thought would ne'er have done.

Chr. What said he? *Faith.* Why he call'd Religion low,
And said, Brave Men no tender Conscience show
To watch ones Words and Ways, and so thereby
To bar our own full Swinge of Liberty,
Would make ones Life thought singular, a Crime
By th' Jolly Blades and Genius of the Time;
Few of the Rich, the Mighty or the Great,
Would mind it, or lose all for *none knows what.*
None but the Base, said he, or very Mean,
Thro' Ignorance, to your Opinions lean.
Much more he said, and that to whine and mourn
At Sermons was what Manly Souls would scorn.
That Penitence was shameful; and to Right
Whom we had wrong'd was an ignoble Sight;
It makes you fly the Great for Vices few,
And show the Base Respect, because like You.

Chr. What said you then? *Faith.* I blush'd for very shame
Who,

Who almost beat me off. At last I thought,
† *Men oft esteem what God accounts most nought.*
He speaks like Men, not God, nor from his Word,
Not Men at Dooms-day judge Us, but the Lord:
God, not the World or Men I am to mind,
Religion is with Penitence enjoyn'd;
Such Fools and Poor in Christ are Rich and Wise,
In whom, O *Shame*, I wholly thee despise.
Yet still the Villain boldly would suggest
What Bar Religion was to Interest:
Said I, I glory in what you disdain;
So off he went, seeing all was but in vain.
So thus I sung. *What do they meet withal,*
Who are obedient to the Heavenly Call?
What Tryals, and what Troubles in the Flesh,
Still springing from all Hands and Parts afresh?
That thro' their Numbers, or Continuance, we
May fail, thro' want of Faith or Constancy.
O let the Pilgrims, let the Pilgrims then
Be vigilant, and quit themselves like Men.

Chr. I much applaud your Triumph over *Shame*,
Whose Impudence in Publick is Extream;
Who strives to shame us out of doing Good,
Fools be promoted by him only wou'd;
‖ *The Wise inherit Glory* shall, 'tis said;
But for Promotion Fools with shame are clad.

Faith. Let's cry to Heav'n to make us Valiant still
For Truth, and unasham'd to do its Will.

Chr. 'Tis meet. Met you none else i' th' Valley? *Faith.* None.
The Sun thro' both the Valleys on me shone.

† *Luke* 16. 15. ‖ *Prov.* 3. 35.

Chr.

Che. 'Twas well with so much Ease you thro' 'em got,
I with that Hellish Fiend *Apollyon* fought;
Who almost kill'd me by a dreadful Fall,
I lost my Sword, he crush'd me, and withal,
He cry'd, *I'll of thee now make sure I swear*;
I pray'd, and God was my Deliverer.
Half thro' the Valley of Death's Shadow I
I' th' Dark confus'd, fear'd every step to die,
'Till by the Rising of the Sun reliev'd.

As on they went, they *Talkative* perceiv'd
Some Distance off; (now Spacious was the Road)
He Tall and Comely, at a Distance show'd.

Faith. Are you going for Mount *Zion* Friend? *Talk.* I am.

Faith. We wish your Company, and seek the same.

Talk. I yours accept. *Faith.* Agreed; and let us spend
Our Time in Things which to our Profit tend.

Talk. Such Talk is best, and I rejoyce to find
I've met with those that are so well inclin'd;
For few in such a Use of Time delight,
For most love Shadows, and the Substance slight.

Faith. Too true; for what's so worthy the Employ
Of Humane Tongues, as God and Heav'nly Joy?

Talk. Your Notion's just, your Words convincing are,
I'll add, What Talk so Pleasant, Great and Rare?
What pleasant Things do Scripture to us shew?
So sweetly Penn'd, Miraculous and True.

Faith. True; but our Profit is their Chief Design,
And should be ours. *Talk.* It should; and it is mine,

To

To talk of Things most profitable, which
The Mind with best of Knowledge does enrich.
Earth's Vanity, the Excellence of Heaven;
Knowledge has general and its private Leaven;
It guides, corrects and Exalts the Mind,
And learns it its Internal VVants to find,
That insufficient are our VVorks, our Need
Of the New Birth, and Christ to intercede
For us in Heaven, and to us does display
How to believe, repent, bear, watch and pray;
All Gospel-Promises and Comforts show,
Teach th' Ignorant, 'fend Truth, and Lies o'erthrow.

Faith. I'm glad to hear such Things as these from you.

Talk. The want of its the Cause, alas, so few
Of Faith and Grace know in their Souls the need,
So only on i' th' VVorks o' th' Law proceed;
By which Heav'ns Kingdom they'll by no means gain.

Faith. But you observe not, Sir, that to obtain
Such Grace none have the Pow'r, God's Gift it is.

Talk. All is of Grace I own, we know all this;
You cannot think that is unknown to me.

Faith. VVell then, let's now on what to talk agree.

Talk. VVhy what you will; of Humane or Divine,
Gospel or Law, to what you most encline;
Essentials, Circumstantials, Things at Home
Or Forreign Things, past, present, or to-come.
Faithful admir'd, to's Friend stept, saying, VVe have
O'ertook a Pilgrim Excellent and Brave.
This Man said *Christian*, (with a modest Smile)
Would Twenty such as know him not beguile.

Faith.

Faith. D' y' know him? *Chr.* Better than himself he
He in our City dwells. *Faith.* His Name disclose. (knows

Chr. 'Tis *Talkative*; our City's large I own,
Or you must needs have such a Person known.

Faith. VVhose Son is he? VVhere dwells he? *Chr.* He o
In *Prating-Row*, nam'd *Say-well*, is the Son; (On
He's *Talkative*, of *Prating-Row*, his Tongue
Moves much in Truth, his Actions much in VVrong.

Faith. He seems a pretty Man. *Chr.* Your saying so
Makes me remember how some Paintings show
At Distance well, ill if you nearer come;
So, † *He's a Saint Abroad, and Devil at Home.*

Faith. You smile, so sure but jest! *Chr.* Alcho' I smile,
I him abuse not, neither you beguile;
He any Talk or Conversation loves,
The more he drinks his Tongue the faster moves,
Religion none in Heart or House; but Voice
He has, of which therewith he makes a Noise.

Faith. I'm much deceiv'd by what I hear from you.

Chr. The Proverb says, *They say, but nought they do*;
‖ *God's Kingdom is in Pow'r and not in Word.*
Of Pray'r, Repentance, Faith, New-Birth, Record
Only in VVord he bears, but knows no more,
He knows it not in Practice nor in Pow'r;
He is Religion's Stain, Reproach and Shame
To all that know his Life as well as Name.
His Family find it with Sorrow true,
They know not what to say or for him do,

† *The Proverb.* ‖ *Mat.* 23.

So

So great a Railer, Churl, and so unjust,
Worse than a *Turk*, none will his Dealings trust:
In his own steps he does his Children rear,
The Tender Conscience calls a foolish Fear,
Which if in them he finds, he'll them abuse,
To others to commend them will refuse;
His ill Example has destroyed store,
And will (if God prevents not) many more.

Faith. If you believe, who like a Christian make
Reports of Men, and will not falsly speak.

Chr. If I had known no more of him than you,
I, as you did, at first, might think him true,
Or Information from ill Men had got,
I should have of him it a Slander thought,
As Good Men often are, who him disown,
And blush to see, or be unto him known,

Faith. To say and do I see quite different are.

Chr. To say and not to do we may compare
To th' Body, which without the Soul is dead,
Religion's so when Heaven is disobey'd.
† *Religion pure and undefiled is,*
Before Almighty God the Father, this,
Widows and Orphans in Distress relieve,
And from the World your selves unspotted live.
Now, *Talkative* in doing this is slack,
Hearing and *Saying* don't good Christians make,
His Soul deceives, Hearing but sows the Seed,
Practice alone us Christians makes indeed.
‖ *Not Hearers only, Doers shall be blest,*
If they good Fruit brought forth, and did their best.

† *Jam.* 1. 27. *See ver.* 2, 3. 24, 25, 26 ‖ *Mat.* 14. 25.

No:

Not that that's Faithless can accepted be,
But by't what Talkers are I let you see.

Faith. By this I know what *Moses* then did mean,
When he describ'd the Beasts that were unclean,
Which do not both † *part Hoof and chew the Cud.*
Hares do not both, so *Jews* not think them good.
Which *Talkative* resembles, for he chews
Upon the Word, True Knowledge he pursues,
Parts not the Hoof, parts not from Sins too dear,
But has, like Puss, the Feet of Dog or Bear.

Chr. You of these Texts the Gospel Sense expound.
Great Talkers muchlike ‖ *Sounding Brass* have Sound,
But Lifeless are, and other where Saint *Paul*
Does them again but *Tinkling Cymbals* call;
Lifeless and Faithless, without Gospel Grace,
Who in Heaven's Kingdom never shall have place,
Altho' their Tongues like those of Angels are.

Faith. I for him wish, now him even more can spare.

Chr. He'll be as sick as you but touch him home.

Faith. How? *Chr.* But to the Pow'r of True Religion
And plainly ask him, for he'll it approve, (come,
If in his Heart, House, Converse it he love.
Then *Faithful* to him stept, and thus begun

Faith. How have you since we left discoursing done,

Talk. I thank you, well, thought much e'er this t' have had

Faith. If yet y'are willing, I am of it glad:
You bid me state the Case, let this be it; How
The Grace of God it self i'th' Heart does show.

† *Lev.* 11. *Deut.* 14. ‖ 1 *Cor.* 13. 1, 2, 3. chap. 14. 7.

Talk.

Talk. Then we'll o' th' Power of Things our Talk begin,
First, Grace i' th' Heart great Out-cries makes at Sin.

Faith. Rather to hate it does the Soul incline.

Talk. Betwixt 'em both the Difference pray define.

Faith. 'Tis great, For Men who do not Sin abhor,
Of Policy cry first against it Whore;
Many I've heard i' th' Pulpit sin defy,
Yet give themselves in House and Works the Lye:
What a Great Out-cry † *Joseph*'s Mistress made,
Yet would with all her Heart with him have laid:
Some Sins (as Mother's Children naughty call)
And then as soon to hug and kiss them fall.

Talk. You're on the Catch. (*Faith.*) I'd only set things right,
Give now of Grace i' th' Heart a second Sight.

Talk. Great Knowledge of the Gospel Mysteries!

Faith. Some know so much, they would a Saint surprize
And yet in them no Work of Grace is wrought,
They ‖ naught may be, who have all Knowledge got:
Said *Christ- Disciples, know ye all these Things?*
Then blest is he that them to Action brings;
Not he that knows, but he that does proceed
To do the Will of God is blest indeed.
Therefore, your Sign's not true: To know may please,
Vain glorious Men, not God, the Heart he sees.
Knowledge is Good, but that's when it does move
The Soul to act by Faith in Works of Love.
¶ *I'll keep thy Law, me Understanding give,*
Yea, it, with my whole Heart observe and live.

† *Gen.* 39. 15. ‖ 1 *Cor.* 13. ¶ *Psalm* 119. 34.

Talk.

Talk. Yo're ill on th' Catch, this does not edify.

Faith. Give one Sign more for its Discovery.

Talk. Not I, for I perceive we shan't agree.

Faith. If you will not, will you give leave to me?

Talk. Your Liberty to do it you may take.

Faith. Of 'ts self i'th' Heart Grace does Discovery make
To him that hath it, or to standers by:
First, he that hath it, may it thus descry,
Convincing him o's Sins and Unbelief,
As that he's damn'd, if he from God Relief
Finds not, thro' *Christ*: Great Sorrows and much Grief
This Sense works in him, with true shame for Sin,
And then he findeth Christ's reveal'd within:
Hunger and Thirst for Life's in him display'd,
Unto which Life the Promises are made.
Now as this Strength and Faith in Christ is great,
Our Wish thro' Love to know him's more compleat;
Yet he from all but seldom can conclude,
He with true Work, of Grace within's endu'd;
His Reason's weak, his Mind misgives him so,
His State he can't with full Assurance know,
'Till *Jesus* in him to such strength does rise
As makes him know God's Faithfulness and wise;
Nor is the Work of Grace to him alone
Clear in himself, but 'tis to others known,
By's Faith's Confession from Experience made,
Life's holiness in Heart and House displaid;
By Conversation Holiness i'th' World,
Sin's out of Heart, Home and his Converse hurl'd.
Himself reform'd, he does with Heaven engage,
Vice to suppress, and help reform the Age;

Nor

Nor does he this to gain a Reputation
As Hypocrites and Talkers on Occasion;
But won by the Pow'r o'th' Word which does him move,
To do't obedient made thro' Faith and Love.
Now, Sir, if you 'Gainst what I've said have ought
T' object, object against it, but if not
The Second Question let me now propose.

Talk. No, Now let's hear, what you will next disclose.

Faith. 'Tis this, have you experienc'd what I've said?
And by your Life and Converse is't display'd
In Word and Tongue and not in Truth and Deed?
If your Religion's Plac'd, do not proceed
To say but what you know both God Above
And your own Conscience also will approve;
For from Confusion 'scape he never can,
Who is condemn'd by's Conscience, God and Man.

Now *Talkative* first blush'd, and then reply'd,
Y'appeal to God, to have that justify'd
I speak, to answer, I am no ways bound,
Nor such a Catechiser thought t'have found,
I'm not dispos'd you for my Judge to take,
But why to me d'y' such odd Questions make?

Faith. To know where you only meer Notions speak,
And of Religion did a Vizard make;
For so I've heard, that you a Spot to't are,
The worse Religion for your sake does fare;
Your ill example many has annoy'd,
And more are likely by't to be destroy'd.
The *Tavern*, *Whoredom*, *Swearing*, *Cheating*, *Lying*,
With ill Companions still your Time employing.
Just as all Whores to VVomen are a shame,
You are a Scandal to the Christian Name.

Talk.

Talk. Since ill Reports so quickly take with you, yo're for Discourse unfit, and so adieu.

Chr. Your VVords I see, have in him rais'd a Storm; He'll sooner shun you, than his Life reform, He's gone. to let him, 'tis his Loss alone; Had he not from us, we'd have from him gone: Besides, the Apostle says, *from such withdraw.*

Faith. Yet do I not repent that him I saw; My Words may gain him, but if not, howe'er, By speaking plainly I of's Blood am clear.

Chr. You dealt uprightly by him, there are few, Will now a-Days such Faithful Dealings shew, Religion's made to stink by such a One, VVho talks, but no religious Acts has done; Their Conversation being debauch'd and vain, Such Puzzle th' VVorld and are to th' Church a Stain; It all would by 'em deal as you have done, They'd or reform, or good Mens Converse shun.

VVhich they Considering,
Did that which follows sing.

How Talkative *lifts up at first his Plumes!*
How loftily he speaks! How he presumes
To drive down all before him! But as soon
As Faithful *talks of Heart-work, like the Moon*
That's past the full, into the Wane he goes,
And so will all but him that Heart-work *knows.*

Thus on they went, talking of what they'd seen, And made the Way which would have tedious been, Easy to them: Who else had found Distress Since now they journey'd thro' a Wilderness.

Now when almoſt the Wilderneſs they'd paſt,
Faithful eſpy'd one after them to haſt.
Said *Faithful*, Brother, who comes yonder view,
Evangeliſt, his Friend, ſoon *Chriſtian* knew,
Faithful for his good Friend ſoon knew him too:
Who when he to them came thus to them ſaid,

Evan. Peace be to you, and ſuch as do you aid.

Chr. Welcome my Friend, by ſight of thee's renew'd
What thou haſt done for my Eternal Good.

Faith. Welcome ten thouſand times; to ſuch as we
How acceptable is a Friend like thee?

Evang. How far'd you Friends, ſince when we parted
What have you done? What Dangers have you paſt? (laſt?
Chriſtian and *Faithful* to him did declare
Thro' what great Hardſhips they arriv'd ſo far.

Evang. Not in your Toils, but Conqueſts, I rejoyce,
And that your Faith does Weakneſs Counterpoiſe:
I'm glad you've reap'd ſo well what I have ſown,
The Time draws nigh which both our Joys will Crown;
You'll in due Time Reap if you fix'd remain,
And Life's Incorruptible Crown obtain.
So run that you the Glorious Prize may gain.
Some have ſet out, and far to win it gone,
But loſt; hold yours ſo faſt it mayn't be won:
Let no man take your Crown, you're yet within
Hell's Shot, and han't to Blood reſiſted Sin:
O' th' Kingdom think, and hope for Things unſeen;
Let nought on this ſide Heav'n within you Reign.
Of your Hearts Luſt to th' uttermoſt beware,
They all Deceit and deſperate wicked are.

Like Adamant set firm your Face and Heart,
All Pow'r in Heaven and Earth is on your Part.

Chr. Thanks for your Exhortation; pray proceed
And give us all the Counsel we shall need;
For well we know you to us can declare
The Things to come, and how we them shall bear.
With *Christian Faithful* to him joyn'd his Pray'r.

Evang. Truth's Gospel's Words, my Sons, you both have heard,
Thro' Tribulations you're to Heaven preferr'd;
Bonds and Afflictions you in every Place
Attend, you know such is the Christian Race:
Already you this Truth experienc'd have,
And more will soon as you this Desert leave;
For just before you, in the Town, you see,
There hard beset you'll with your Enemies be;
Your Testimony, there be so withstood
That one, or both must Seal it with your Blood.
To Death be Faithful, and he shall arrive
To th' Crown of Life, Erst he that does survive.
Martyrs, because they feel the quickest Pain,
The shortest Way to Realms Celestial gain.
Such many Miseries others meet with shun.
When you i' th' Town find what I've said begun,
Think on your Friend, your selves like Men acquit,
Your Souls to God, your Faithful King, commit.
I dreamt out of the Wilderness, at last,
Into the Town of *Vanity* they past;
So call'd from its perpetual Mart and Ware,
Which lighter is than *Vanity*; for there
All's Vanity that cometh to be Sold,
All's Vanity that comes, said th' Wise of Old.

You

You can't this Fair an upstart Business call,
So known's its Ancient Original:
Almost Five Thousand Years ago there were
Some Pilgrims going to the Celestial Sphere;
Apollyon, *Belzebub* and *Legion*, soon
Perceiv'd the Way to Heaven lay thro' the Town
Of *Vanity*; so they contriv'd a Fair,
For Vanitys to last for ever there:
All Sorts of Vanities, all the Year long,
Were Sold, and all the World to buy them Throng.
As Houses, Lands, Preferments, Trades and Places,
Yea Kingdoms, Countrys, Titles, every Case is;
All Sorts for Lust and Pleasure, Whores and Wives,
Bawds, Husbands, Children, Masters, Servants Lives,
Blood, Bodys, Souls, Silver, Gold, Pearls and Gems;
All Sorts there are of Cheats, Plays, Beaux and Games,
Juglings and Knaves, and Rogues of every kind,
And all th' Effects of every Bloody Mind;
Here you in Murders, Oaths, Thefts, and Adulteries find.

See what Afflictions in the FAIR
The Pilgrims do abide!
Think what Christ suffer'd for us there,
Erst he on Calvary dy'd.

As

As Rowes and Streets in leſſer Fairs there are,
With divers Names and ſeveral Sorts of Ware,
Countrys and Kingdoms here, in proper Rowes,
Each their reſpective Merchandize expoſe:
Th' *Italian*, *German*, *Spaniſh*, *Poliſh*, *French*,
But *Romiſh* Ware does on them all intrench;
Yet *England*, and ſome others, ſcorn their Power,
And will not Traffick with the *Roman* Whore.

To *Zion* Chriſtians (as I did you ſhow)
Out of the World, or thro' the Town muſt go.
To th' Prince of Princes, thro' it Travelling Home,
Did *Belzebub*, the Fair's chief Patron, come,
And offer'd, if he to him would fall down,
To make him Lord o' th' Fair, and of the Town;
And one ſo great t' entice, he ſhewed him
All th' Worlds vaſt Kingdoms in a Moments Time:
But he diſdain'd ſuch worthleſs Merchandize,
And left the Town and all its Vanitys;
Therefore, the Fair's both Ancient and Great,
(As needs they muſt) the Pilgrims into't get;
But ſcarce are enter'd, e'er the Town and Fair
At, and about them, in a Hubbub are;
And that for ſeveral Reaſons. *Firſt*, Becauſe
Their Cloaths from other Men's ſo different was;
Therefore the People greatly on them gaze,
Each Fool that they are Fools and Madmen ſays.
Now next, their Speech does them to wonder make,
For naturally they *Canaan*'s Language ſpake,
VVhilſt thoſe o' th' Fair Speech ſpic'd with Smut eſteem;
So they to other each Barbarian ſeem.
But *Laſtly*, This moſt ſtrange to th' Crowd appears,
The Pilgrims ſcorn'd ev'n to regard their VVares.

If ask'd to buy, they ſtop their Ears and cry,
† *Turn thou mine Eyes from ſights of Vanity.*
And looking up, ſhew'd that they dealt on High:
One mocking, to them ſaid, VVhat will ye buy?
VVe buy the Truth they gravely anſwer'd; hence
They to deſpiſe them took the more pretence.
Now ſome reproach, and others do them ſmite,
Th' Order o' th' Fair's at laſt confounded by't:
For which, tho' guiltleſs, the Fair's Chief does make
His Officers the Pilgrims up to take;
They examine them, who willingly confeſs
Their Country, Cauſe, and Reaſon of their Dreſs;
That they were Strangers to the VVorld and them,
And Travelling to th' New *Jeruſalem*;
VVho no Occaſion to the Town had given
Thus to obſtruct their Pilgrimage to Heaven.
At this their Judges alſo thought them mad,
Or elſe Deſigns to ſpoil the Fair they had;
Therefore they beat, and them i' th' Cage confin'd,
To Publick Rage of each Malicious Mind.
Their Patience and Returning Love, for VVrong
VVas much obſerv'd by ſome amidſt the Throng,
VVho check the baſer Sort for Beaſt like Rage,
VVho ſoon us'd them like thoſe within the Cage:
Yet they cry'd out, There's ſome who uſe the Fair,
VVho worſe deſerve than theſe poor Men to fare.
After High Words, at length they fall to Blows,
And each to th' other Parry Miſchief does.
Of this the Saints eſteemed guilty are,
Are beat, and led in Irons thro' the Fair,
To terrify ſuch as their Courſe approve;
Yet all their Acts the Pilgrims nothing move:

† *Pſal.* 119. 37.

VVho

Who to their Faith did several Converts win,
Made Proselites by the Grace they'd in them seen:
This blew their Enemies into a Fire,
So that o' th' Pilgrims they the Death conspire.
Irons nor Cage shan't serve your Turn they cry,
You shall for your deluding others die:
So to the Cage they them re-mand again,
Where fastned in the Stocks their Feet remain.
They here *Evangelist* recall'd to mind,
And more resolve to bear what Heaven destin'd;
And mutual Comfort take to think that he
Who's Lot to die shall soonest happy be;
Each secretly does wish 'twill be his Fate,
And both with Patience bear their Suff'ring State;
Content on him that all Things rules they wait.
But now th' appointed Time is come that they
Must Trial take that be condemn'd they may:
Now they're Arraign'd, and the Lord Judge his Name
Is *Hate Good*; their Inditements are the same
In Substance both, and their Contents were these,

" That they were Foes to Trade and Worldly Peace,
" They had Commotions and Divisions sown,
" And to their Dangerous Notions, in the Town,
" They had a Party won, and did not own
" Their Prince and Laws, but Scorn of both had shown.

Faith. We only that resist which does defy
Him that is Infinitely the most High;
We none disturb, for we are Men of Peace,
And won on none but by our Truth and Grace:
Such from the Worse are to the Better turn'd;
As for your King, him whom you say I've scorn'd,
Ev'n *Belzebub*, our Lord's curst Enemy,
Him and his Fiends, Apostates, I defy.

Then 'twas Proclaim'd, *Let those that can appear*
For the King, against the Pris'ners at the Bar.
Then *Pick-thank*, *Envy*, *Superstition* came;
Thus *Envy* first against him did declaim.

Envy. Before this Honourable Bench I'll swear.

Judge. Hold, Swear him first, and when he's sworn, (we'll hear.

The Form perform'd, he thus gave's Evidence.
This Man, my Lord, for all his Fair Pretence,
Scorns us, our Prince, our Customs and our Laws,
And Souls to his disloyal Notions draws,
Call'd Principles of Faith and Holiness;
My Self once heard him thus himself express,
That Christian Laws to the Customs of our Town
Were opposite, as Midnight to the Noon;
Not to be reconcil'd: By which my Lord,
He shew's, both we and them should be abhor'd.

Judge. More canst thou say? *Envy.* I could my Lord, (much more,
But shall against him keep the rest in Store.
Those Gentlemen of Honour and of Sense,
Desirous are to give their Evidence;
The Court may hear them, but if theirs should fail,
(If need there be) mine shall at last prevail.
Next *Superstition*'s call'd, and bid to shew
What for their Lord the King, he'd 'gainst him do,
Sworn with Invectives, thus his Speech began.

Super. I've no such great Acqaintance with the Man;
He very factious is I can display,
For in the Town I heard him lately say,

That

That our Religion's Enmity to God.
There's much Sedition in such Notions sow'd,
He might as well bare-fac'd his Thoughts explain,
'Tis saying We 're damn'd, and in our Sins remain
And that our Worship is entirely vain.
Next *Pick-thank*'s sworn, who thus his Silence broke;
I heard him speak what none ought to have spoke:
I've known him long; on *Beelzebub* our Chief
He rails, and treats his Friends each as a Theif.
He the Lord *Old-man* with his Deeds rejects,
The Lord *Carnal Delight* he disrespects:
He'd have the Lord *Luxurious* pay his Debts;
He th' Lord *Desire of Vain Glory* frets:
He'd have my Old Lord *Lechery* now grow chast,
Sir *Having Greedy* be content at last:
And all our Peers which won't his Will obey,
He says will surely perish in their Way.
Nor has he spared you, his Judge, my Lord;
Ungodly Villian for you's his best Word:
Scarce one he spa'rd o' th' Gentry of our Town.
When *Pick-thank* had his utmost Malice shown;
The Judge thus spoke to th' Pris'ner at the Bar;
Thou *Traytor*, *Runagate*, *Heretick* hear,
Thou know'st what Witness these against thee bear.

Now Faithful play the Man, speak for thy God,
Fear not the Wicked's Malice, nor their Rod;
Speak boldly Man, the Truth is on thy Side,
Die for it, and to Life in Triumph ride.

Faith. May I speak somewhat in my own Defence?

Judge. Sirrah, without it thou deserv'st to die,
Yet mayst thou speak, to shew our Lenity.

Faith

Faith. To answer *Envy*'s Accusation first;
I said, that Rule, Custom, or Law's accurst
Which flatly does the Word of God oppose;
This I recant, but Falshood in't disclose.

To answer *Superstition*'s Charge; I said,
Divine Faith must to Worship God be had;
Which none, unless Heaven does reveal it gain.
Hence in our Worship if we Things intrude,
Earthly and Lifeless Forms, they do no good.
To answer *Pick-thank*, all I shall declare
Is, that Prince *Beelzebub* your Master here,
(And all the Scum of Earth and Hell he nam'd)
Deserve its Fire, and are already damn'd;
And so the Lord have Mercy on my Soul.

Then did the *Judge* the *Jury* thus cajole.
You see the Man whose Words the Uproar made,
You've heard what these, our Worthies of him said
You his Confession hear, and his Reply,
Now by your Verdict he must live or die:
Yet, *Gentlemen*, I'll tell you what is Law,
Whence to condemn him you may Reasons draw.
(In *Pharoah's* Time, Servant to our Great Prince)
An Act was made, which will you much convince.
All th' Males as born should into th' Floods be thrown
Of such as he, ere they too strong were grown.
An Act of Great *Nebuchadnezzar's*
This Runagate he knew laid on us Sirs.
Such as to his God Mammon fall not down,
Into a fiery Furnace shall be thrown.
An Act which much should be regarded by us,
Was also made i'th Days of King *Darius*:

That such as call on other Gods or Men
But him, should be cast into th' Lions Den.
These Laws this Rebel breaks in Word and Deed,
As well as Thought, therefore should dye with Speed.
Now *Pharoah*'s Law was Mischief to prevent,
Th' Bud e'er known; but this is evident.
The Next and Last, condemn his *Heresy*;
He own'd his Treason too, therefore must die.
Then out the *Jury* went, the Bill to find;
Blindman and *Malice*, *Heady* and *High-mind*,
Love-lust, *Live-loose*, *No-Good*, and *Cruelty*,
Implacable, *Hate-Light*, *Lyar*, *and Enmity*.
Said *Blind-man*, that he errs, I clearly see;
Said *Malice*, he's a great Eye-sore to me.
He liv'd so long, cry'd *Heady* 'gainst my Will
High-mind cry'd out, His Soul and Notions spill:
Love-lust and *Live-loose* cry'd, we're not secure
Whilst he's alive, we can't his Life endure:
Said *No-Good*, He's not fit to live on Earth;
Said *Cruelty*, lets burn him for our Mirth:
I'd not for th' World be to him reconcil'd,
Implacable cry'd out; then *Hate-light* smil'd:
Said *Lyar*, he's I know a very Rogue;
Said *Enmity*, I hate the Canting Dog.
Each one against him their Resentments breath,
And bring their Verdict in, He merits Death.
Nor in the least, delay his Punishment,
For him the worst of Deaths they do invent:
They buffet, stone him, launch his Flesh with Knives,
By Stones and Swords; as Martyrs lose their Lives,
Thus *Faithful* falls, does many Deaths partake;
At last he's burnt to Ashes at a Stake.
A Chariot now and Pair of Horses stood,
Waiting for *Faithful* just behind the Croud.

as soon as dead, his Soul was in it driven
Up thro' the Clouds, the neareſt Way to Heaven.

Brave Faithful! *Bravely done in VVord and Deed;*
Judge, Witneſſes *and* Jury *have, inſtead*
Of conquering thee, but ſhewn their Helliſh Rage;
VVhen they are loſt, thou't live from Age to Age.

Chriſtian a while to Priſon they remand,
But he who had their Wills at his Command,
So wrought, that for that Time he 'ſcap'd their Wrong;
When freed, for Joy he ſung the following Song.

VVell Faithful, *thou haſt Faithfully profeſt*
Unto thy Lord, of whom thou ſhalt be bleſt:
VVhen Faithleſs ones for all their Vain delight,
Feel endleſs Torments of Eternal Night,
Sing Faithful *Sing, let thy great Name ſurvive;*
Tho' kill'd, thou'rt yet eternally alive.

I dreamt that *Chriſtian* went not forth alone;
One *Hopeful* was by their Example won.
Thus while in Flames, like th' *Phœnix*, *Faithful* dies,
Another does out of his Aſhes riſe.
This *Hopeful* too to *Chriſtian* does relate,
Many o' th' *Fair* will chuſe a *Pilgrim*'s State.
The *Fair* ſcarce left, they *By-ends* overtake;
Whence Sir, they ſaid? What Journey do you make?
From *Fair-ſpeech* Town he told them that he came,
For *Zion* went, but told them not his Name.

Chr. From *Fair-ſpeech* Sir! Is any Goodneſs there?

By-ends. Yes Sir, I hope. *Chr.* Your Name pleaſe to declare.

By-ends You are to me, I am to you unkonwn;
If pleas'd, I'll of your Company make one.

Chr. Your Town's a very wealthy Place I hear.

By-ends Yes, and I've many rich Relations there.

Chr.

Chr. Pray who Sir? *By-ends.* almost all the Town throughout;
The Lords *Fair-speech*, *Time-server*, *Turn-about*.
The Town its Name from the Lords *Fair-speech* drew,
Smoothman, and Mr. *Facing-both-ways* too;
And *Any-thing* to *Two-Tongues* I'm ally'd,
My Mother's Brother he by Father's Side:
He's Parson of our Parish, Sir, and I
Am now accounted of Good Quality.
Yet lookt my Father this Way, rowing that,
By which I got most of my own Estate.

Chr. But are you marry'd Sir? *By ends.* Yes, and my Wife
From Virtuous Parents, leads a Virtuous Life,
My Lady *Faining's* Daughter, nobly born,
So bred, to Prince or Peasant she'll adorn;
Her Birth with Carriage none can hate or scorn.
'Gainst Wind and Tyde indeed, we serve no Cause,
But love Religion when it gains Applause.

Chr. Sure Brother *Hopeful*, this must *By-ends* be;
There's scarce on Earth so great a Knave as he.

Hope. Ask him, for surely he will own his Name.

Chr. Your Language Sir's above the common Frame.
I've of you heard, if I guess not amiss,
Of *Fair-speech* Town, your Name, Sir, *By-ends* is.

By ends 'Tis a Nick-name by such as hate me giv'n,
Which I to bear, Obedience learn of Heav'n.

Chr. To have the Name did you Occasion give?

By-ends. None, but my prosperous State did others grieve,
Because my Luck and Judgment hit the Times,
So I'm reproach'd for Fortune, not for Crimes.

Chr.

Chr. I thought 'twas you, and tell you, much I fear
You properly the Name you would not bear.

By-ends. Suspend your Thoughts, till you my deeds can (blame.

Chr. If you'll go with us, you against the Stream
And VVinds must strive, in Rags Religion own,
And by it stand, when such in Irons groan.

By-ends Bind not my Faith, but let me with you go.

Chr. No, not a step, unless you'll like us do.

By-ends Ne'er yet I from my Princip'es have gone,
Rather than so I'll walk again alone,
'Til such I find as will Companions be,
Yet leave each other to their Liberty.

I dreamt the Pilgrims quickly him forsook,
But soon Three other's *By-ends* overtook;
VVho complaisant unto each other prove.
Their Names were *Hold the World* and *Money-Love*,
And Master *Save-all*, Men to *By-ends* known,
Scholars of *Gripeman*, all in *Love-gain* Town;
The County Town of *Coveting*, i'th' *North*,
Masters o' th' Craft of Gain, he set them forth:
They'd learnt their Trades, and wanted but a Stock,
True Chips o'th' old confounded curled Block.
After their Ceremonies did expire,
Thus *Money-love* o'th' Pilgrims did enquire.
Pray who are those before us yet in View?

By-ends Strangers, who strangely *Pilgrimage* pursue.

Money-Love Why staid they not since we are going too?

By-ends Those rigid Men at all Adventures run,
And such as wholly jump not with them shun.

Mr.

Mr. *Save-all* That's bad, but ſome will over Righteous
Others condemn, alone themſelves eſteem. (ſeem,
How, and in what pray did you diſagree?

By-ends, They'll run all Hazards, to 'em I reply'd?
I am for waiting both for Wind and Tyde.
For God they'll hazard all at ſingle Stake.
But of Eſtate and Life more Care I take.
They'll hold their Notions tho' condemn'd by all;
I love Religion which Men noble call.
(will Chuſe

Mr. *Hold the World*. Ay, hold you there, for none but Fools
When they can keep their own, their All to loſe.
Like Bees in *Winter*, ſtill lets keep our Treaſure,
They only Profit ſeek when mixt with Pleaſure.
Winds, Storms, and Rain I always ſtrive to ſhun,
Not God's good Bleſſings, th' warm and ſhining Sun.
If God give good Things, keep them for his Sake;
Religion *Job* and *Abraham* rich did make.
Job ſays, *Good Men ſhall lay up Gold as Duſt*;
Then not be like the Men before they muſt.

Mr. *Save-all*. There needs no more, we all to this agree.

Money-love. *Scripture* and *Reaſon* laid aſide, meer Senſe
Gives this ſufficient Force and Evidence.

Mr. *By-ends*. Since of us now on Pilgrimage each goes,
One Queſtion let me to you all propoſe.
Suppoſe a man, a Miniſter, or one
Who has but little to depend upon,
Should a fat Benefice have in his View,
Or vaſt Advantage which he can't purſue,
Unleſs he zealous for ſome Points ſhould grow,
'Gainſt which before he'd many ſcruples ſhow;
Mayn't he be thought honeſt, tho' he in the Purſuance
Of a World of Advantage make grains of Allowance.

Money-

Money-Love. The Bottom of your Question I perceive,
To which I'll answer, with your general Leave.
Suppose a Minister possessed is
But of a very moderate Benefice,
Yet one can get more Fat and Plump by far,
If studious, and more zealous he appear;
And if requir'd, some Principles should change,
To please the People, this I think not strange;
A Man may do it, if he has a Call;
In more than this I see no hurt at all:
Sure Providence its Blessing he may take,
Making no Question for his Conscience sake;
In hopes of which he does more Zealous seem,
Improves his Parts, which each way betters him:
If he some Doctrines some to win omit,
He bears his Cross, so is to preach more fit.
Now, such a one should not be Worldly thought,
Since by't he Power to do much good has got:
But now for Tradesmen; such a one suppose
Of poor Employ, if he Religious grows,
He a Rich Wife, or better Trade may gain,
At which I think not any should complain.
'Tis Virtue Pious any way to grow,
Rich Wives, great Trades, all to be good allow;
Who gets them by Religion, we may say,
Gets his Good Things a good and easy way.
Thus answer'd *Money-Love*, with much Applause,
By Arguments drawn from the Good Old Cause,
Thinking no Mortals could their Strength withstand;
Christian and *Hopeful*, now they out of hand,
Resolve t' attack, hastning to do't the more
Thence to regain what *By-Ends* lost before.
But *Hold the World* the Pilgrims must aggress
Lest former Heats should hinder their Success:

So

So *Hold the World* the Queſtion did propound.

Chr. Babes will in Chriſt Ten Thouſand ſuch confound.
If we mayn't follow Chriſt for † *Loaves*, we muſt
Not make Religion Pander to our Luſt;
Nor do we find any ſeek thus for Riches
But Heathens, Devils, Hypocrites and Witches.
Hamar and *Sechem* thus contriv'd, and ſought
Dinah and *Jacob*'s Cattle to have got.
‖ *If we are Circumciſed did they ſay,*
Their Subſtance and their Cattle are our Prey:
Thus *Phariſees pray'd long* (*when to devour*
They Widow's Houſes ſought) were damn'd the more.
Judas the Devil does your Thoughts extol,
Who held the Bag and caſt away his Soul:
Simon the Wizard would have lik'd your Plot,
The Holy Ghoſt he for his Money ſought
To gain thereby; then *Peter* cry'd, *Wish thee*
Thy Money periſh. Thus curs'd *Simony*
Who for the World Religion does embrace,
Would act like *Judas*, if in *Judas* Place.
In fine, ſuch as your Queſtion like or love,
I thus like *Judas* to be Deviliſh prove.
At this they all on one another ſtar'd,
Confounded by what *Chriſtian* had declar'd;
The reſt with *By-Ends* each their Pace declin'd,
That ſo the Pilgrims might 'em leave behind.

Chr. If they at Humane Judgment thus retire,
Much more from God and a devouring Fire.
Chriſtian and *Hopeful* ſwiftly them out-go,
And the ſmall Plain call'd *Eaſe*, paſs'd quickly thro'

† *John* 6. ‖ *Gen.* 34. 20, &c.

To *Lucre's Hill* they come; a Silver Mine
In it did many to transgress incline;
Who going near, were by deceitful Ground,
Let down and kill'd, or got some desp'rate Wound.
Here *Demas* stood and cry'd to all, Lo here!
Come see the Silver Mine; seek Treasure there.

Chr. Nothing should us invite out of our Way.

Demas. Here Richly for your selves provide you may
With little Pains. *Hope.* Let us go see. *Chr.* Not I,
Such Hopes of Gain have many caus'd to die.

To *Demas* 'Tis dangerous, and let's our Pilgrimage.

Demas To none but such as do too far engage.

Chr. Stir not a step, let's still keep on our way.

Hope. *By-Ends* you'll see will go without delay.

Chr. He'll then but his own Principles obey.

Demas. Will you not come and see the Silver Mine?

Chr. *Demas*, thou Enemy of Ways Divine,
One made by Christ a Judge for thy Design,
Has thee condemn'd: Wouldst have our Lot like thine?
God knows, and shames such as break his Command,
With Boldness we before him hope to stand.

Demas. I am a Brother, if you will but stay,
I'll with you walk i' th' Right and Holy way.

Chr. *Demas* I call'd thee; Is it not thy Name?

Demas. Thou hast; and I a Son of *Abraham* am.

Chr. *Gehazi* and *Judas* are thy Ancestors,
Thou in their Footsteps and their Treasons errs;

Assume

Assure thy self, we will the King acquaint
With thy Deceit, thou Foe of ev'ry Saint.
To *By-Ends* and his Friends *Demas* applys,
Who soon accord, hoping a mighty Prize.
Whethre they went, or where they into 't fell,
Were kill'd or smother'd in't, I ne'er could tell;
But in the way they ne'er were seen again:
Then *Christian* of them sung the following Strain.

By-Ends *and Silver* Demas *both agree,*
One calls, th' other to him runs, that he
May share his Lucre and no farther go:
Thus Earthly Minds take up with Things Below.

As on they went, a Monument they view,
The Form thereof did very Antique shew;
To be a more than Humane Work it seem'd,
They were concern'd when they't a Woman deem'd:
Hopeful at last spy'd Writing on her Head,
Hopeful unlearn'd by *Christian* it was read:
Who thus th' Inscription to his Friend explain'd,
Lot's *Wife remember is therein contain'd.*
The Pillar of Salt it was they both agree,
Which she was made when she would *Sodom* see.
Then they discours'd on the Amazing Sight.

Chr. We see by this how *Demas* did invite
Us to a Prospect, to have perish'd by't,
To which you much inclin'd. *Hope.* I sorry am,
And wonder I partook not of her Shame.
She look'd but back, and I desir'd to see,
Praised be God who has not punish'd me.

Chr. Let us by her take heed of ev'ry Snare,
God won't always, tho' he in *Sodom* spare.

Hot

Hope. Let us beware, least we are made a Sign,
As † *Korah*, *Abiram*, *Dathan*, were for Sin.
I am amaz'd at *Demas* Confidence,
Who dare so oft repeat *Lot*'s Wife's Offence;
Yea, seek for what she did but look; and there
Where *Demas* stands I'm sure they've Sight of Her.

Chr. It shews to a desp'rate Height their Sins are grown
But Thieves i' th' Judge's Presence have been known.
‖ *Exceeding Sinners Men of Sodom were,*
Because their Sins did 'fore the Lord appear;
Ev'n tho' he blest their Land with Plenteous Store,
For 'twas as ¶ *Eden's Garden heretofore.*
The which so much provok'd th' Almighty's Ire,
It them consum'd with Brimstone and with Fire:
VVho sin in God's, and good Examples Sight,
On such shall the severest Judgments light.

Hope. Our Thanks enough to Heaven cannot be paid,
That you and I are n't such Examples made.

As on they went, they to a River came,
The River of God King *David* call'd the same;
St. *John*, *The Water of Life's River:* The Way
Of Life upon the Banks o' th' River lay.
They of the Water drank with great Delight,
VVhose weary Spirits were refreshed by't;
On Trees o' th' Banks all Fruit were ever seen,
Their Leaves cure th' Nations, and are ever Green:
Then in a Meadow Crown'd with lasting Spring,
They slept, eat Fruits, and then rejoyce and sing.
Behold ye how Life's Christal Streams do glide,
To comfort Christians by the High-way side;
The Meadows green, beside their Fragrant Smell,
Such Dainties yield no Tongue their worth can tell.

† *Num.* 26. 9, 10. ‖ *Gen.* 13. 10. ¶ V. 10 Knew

w you what Fruit and Leaves the Trees do yield,
'd soon sell all and buy the Glorious Field.

s on they went, the Way and River part,
Loss of which was to them Grief at Heart; I
ir Feet were tender, and the Way grew rough,
ich made 'em there find Pain and Grief enough;
refore they wish'd to find a smoother Way;
on the Left o' th' Road a Meadow lay.
s is as I could wish said *Christian*, here
Path does even with the High-way bear.

ope. How if the Path should lead us quite astray?

hr. No no, by th' Road wholly the Path does lay.
ful perswaded with him, pass'd the Stile;
as right and easy as they thought, a while:
y one *Vain-Confidence* before them spy.

hr. Where goes this Path? To *Zion* he did reply.

o *Hopeful*. I told you so. Now Night and dark it grew,
hat they could not him before them view.
-Confidence could neither see his Way,
a deep Pit which just before him lay;
as made to catch Vain-glorious Fools withall;
't he fell, to pieces dash'd by's Fall.
stian and *Hopeful* heard, and call to know
Cause, but only heard him groan below:
n *Hopeful* said, O Friend, where are we now?
stian stood mute, fearing they'd gone astray.
ghten'd, Thunder'd, and began to rain,
Waters also now arose amain.
Hopeful groan'd, O that I'd kept the Way!

r. Who could have thought this Path had led astray?

Hope

Hope. I fear'd at first, but did on you depend.

Chr. I own I've err'd, let it not thee offend.

Hope. Chear up, it shan't, I this for Good believe.

Chr. Try to go back, you're kind thus to forgive.

Hope. I'll go before. *Chr.* First let me Danger meet.

Hope. No, you are troubled, therefore are unfit.
To encourage them they heard a Voice to say,
† *By th' Way ye came go back to the High-way.*
It to go back the Waters dangerous make;
I saw 'twas hard amending a Mistake.
They back adventur'd, but so dark it grew,
The Flood's so high, they knew not what to do.
They oft near Drowning were; with all their Skill,
That Night they could not find again the Stile:
So finding Shelter, wait for Break o' th' Day,
But fell asleep: Now, as they sleeping lay,
Giant *Despair* (who own'd the Grounds) them found,
Being early up, asleeping in his Ground.
With grim and surly Voice he bad them wake,
And said, How durst you here such Freedom take?
The Pilgrims told him they had lost their way.

Giant. Y'ave Trespast on my Grounds, and are my Pre
Being stronger, them he to his Castle drove,
Their Prison does a stinking Dungeon prove.
From *Wednesday* there till *Saturday* they laid,
Without Drink, Light, or any Bit of Bread.
Both grieve, but none could *Christian*'s Grief express,
Whose Counsel 'twas brought them to this Distress.

† *Jer.* 31. 1.

The Pilgrims now to gratify the Fleſh,
ill ſeek its Eaſe, but O how they afreſh
reat Troubles, if not Death it ſelf, purſue,
o ſeek to plea ſe the Fleſh, themſelves undo!

The

The Giant's Wife was named *Diffidence*.

Giant. I've Two Imprison'd, catch'd in the Offence;
They're in the Dungeon; what shall I do more?

Wife. If Pilgrims, I advise you beat them sore.
So in the morning early he arose,
And with a Cudgel to the Dungeon goes,
Rates them like Dogs, altho' they silent prove,
Then beat them so they had not Strength to move;
Then leaves them to condole their Miseries,
Who spent their Time in bitter Groans and Cries:
Next Night his Wife hearing they were dismaid,
Bids him them to destroy themselves perswade.
So in the Morn he view'd their wretched Plight,
And said, since you no more shall see the Light,
Your only way is now to end your Life
With Dagger, Halter, Poyson, or a Knife:
Who (said he) Life with Bitterness would chuse?
They beg'd to go, then did he them abuse
With horrid Words, and Looks which Death portend;
And doubtless of them then had made an End,
But that he found his Fits upon him grew,
(His Fits held Day Time came) so he withdrew.
Now they consulted where they should obey.

Chr. To live is a long Death, to die, the way
To shorten Pain; † *My Soul does strangling chuse*
Rather than Life. Shall we his Method use?

Hope. Death is more welcome far than thus t' abide,
But Heav'n has Murder of ourselves deny'd:
No Life in Death, forget not, Friend, Hell's Pain,
No Man shall Eternal Life obtain.

† *Job* 7. 15.

From

Of Giant *Despair*, many I understand,
Tho' taken by him, have escap'd the Hand;
Who knows but God may cause the Giant to die,
Or thro' his Fits give us a Time to fly.
Be patient Brother, let's endure a while,
For Heaven may yet upon us cast a Smile;
But let not our own Blood our Souls defile.
Thus *Hopeful* then did moderate *Christian*'s Pain;
So they i' th' Dark that dismal Day remain.
Tow'rds Night the Giant to the Dungeon went,
To see if they had been obedient;
Thro' many Wounds, and want of Drink and Food,
Tho' not quite dead he found them ev'n as good;
Enrag'd he cry'd since you Life can bear,
You shall fare worse than you by Death can fare.
At which they into desp'rate Agonies fell,
But *Christian* swoon'd, yet did his Swoon repel;
And then again together they confer,
Where to obey the Giant best they were.

Hope. Remember, you *Apollyon* could resist,
And in Death's Shadow's Vale bore all for Christ:
Could You those Dangers with such Courage bear?
And yet so much one Death and Dungeon fear.
I who by Nature weaker am, have Peace,
My Wounds and Want as fast as thine encrease.
I' th' Fair of *Vanity* you fear'd no Cage,
Chain, Scourge, nor Death, amidst their Bloody Rage;
Now like a Christian, patient as you can
Bear all for Heav'n, with Courage act the Man.

Wife. Have yet these Pris'ners your Advice obey'd?

Giant. Than do't they rather bear all Hardships had.

Wife. Shew 'em the Bones of such as you have slain,
And tell 'em quickly they shall end in Pain.
The Giant goes, and does his Wife obey,
And said, You also have your Bones shall lay.
Then beat, and left them in a dismal Cave;
Their Patience does the Giant much amaze.

Wife. I fear they live in hopes from hence to fly,
Or have got Pick-Lock Keys: Go search and try.

Giant. I'th' Morn I will. The Pilgrims now to pray
Began, and cry to Heaven 'till Break of Day.
At which being Sunday Morn, good *Christian* cry'd,
In great Amaze, my Key I have not try'd;
'Tis Promise Call'd, I was senseless as Stock.
'Twill ope in *Doubting Castle* any Lock.
Good News indeed, cry'd *Hopeful*, pray now try,
And let us e'er the Giant rises fly.
Then *Christian* try'd, the Doors flew ope with Ease,
So to the last the Iron Gate they pass;
Damnable hard it went, yet did unlock,
But screek'd so much the Giant it awoke:
With Haste he rose his Prisoners to pursue,
But into's Fits his Fright the Giant threw.
The Pilgrims from him fled for Life amain,
And safely did the Way of Life regain.
Now, when they had again re-pass'd the Stile,
They sit them down and do contrive a while;
And an Inscription near the Stile prepare,
All to fore-warn the Meadow was a Snare
Contriv'd by *Doubting Castle's* Giant, *Despair.*

Over this Stile to Doubting Castle *leads,*
And he is lost who in the Meadow treads;

It

It to a Giant belongs whose Name's Despair,
Who hates the King of the Celestial Sphere,
And seeks all Holy Pilgrims to ensnare.

All following Pilgrims this Inscription read,
And so the Danger, thro' their Warning, fled.

The Pilgrims now with Gratitude abound,
And with the following Song made Heaven resound.

When we left the right Way
Soon with Sorrow we found
That we dearly should pay
For the Ease of the Ground.
Now, let such as come here
For the Future, take heed
Lest they, like us, pay dear,
And should make their Hearts bleed,
By their seeking of Ease;
For they Prisoners are
If this Meadow they trace
Of the Giant Despair.

They delectable Mountains now ascend,
To Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, Springs, they bend
Their Course, there freely eat, and wash i' th' Springs;
On th' Mountain's Tops each *Zion* Shepherd sings,
Feeding their Flocks near Heaven's steep Galaxy,
To whom arriv'd, themselves they thus apply.
(Leaning on Staves, as weary Pilgrims do)
Whose delectable Mountains these are shew,
And whose the Sheep upon 'em fed by you.

Shep. These are *Immanuel*'s Mountains, and his Sheep,
Which in his sight, and City's sight, we keep:

Life he for 'em gave. *Chr.* Is this the way?

Shep. Directly to its Gates. *Chr.* How far I pray?

Shep. Besides th' Elect, to reach too far for all.

Chr. Is't safe? *Shep.* For Saints; Transgressors in it fall.

Chr. Shall we Relief, when †*faint* and *weary*, gain?

Shep. We mayn't forget ‖ *Strangers to entertain.*

Now, now, they range on delectable Hills,
Doctrine like Dew *Immanuel* here distills;
Comforts and Cautions they from Shepherds hear,
T' establish them in Faith and Filial Fear.
Now in my Dream I did perceive, that when
They were the Shepherds found Way-faring Men,
They kindly ask'd each Traveller his Name,
Whence, how, and thro' what Tryals there they came.
Their Answers were so full of Truth and Grace,
The Shepherds pleas'd, cry'd Welcome: Few their Face
Shew on these Heights of Joy, in this Life's Race.
The Shepherds of the Mountains named were
Experience, *Knowledge*, *Watchful*, and *Sincere*.
Who to refresh them, to their Tents convey
The Pilgrims, and a while entreat their Stay,
Both for their Good and Solace; they consent
(Being late) on all sides; to their Rest they went.
Soon as the Sun had Triumph'd o'er the Night,
To walk upon the Mountains they invite
The Pilgrims forth, to whom the Shepherds True
Wonders resolve on every side to shew.

† *Hosea* 14. 9. ‖ *Heb.* 23. 1, 2.

First

* First *Error's* Mount. Sleep on the further side,
They at the Foot o' th' Precipice descry'd
Men that had fall'n, were all to pieces dash'd.
What meaneth this the Pilgrim ask'd, abash'd?
You've heard, the Shepherds said, some made to err
By † *Hymeneus* and *Philetus* were,
I' th' Faith o' the Body's Resurrection, New,

Shep. These are the Bodies of them which you view:
Which for Example, unentomb'd remain,
That others from their Errors may abstain.
Mount ‖ *Caution* next they bid them to survey,
They see (tho' far) Blind Men 'mongst Tombs to stray.

Pilgr. What meaneth this? *Shep.* You may a Stile perceive
As on the left the Way of Life they leave:

Pilgr. We do. *Shep.* A Path to *Doubting Castle* thence
Directly leads, *Despair* the Giant's Fence.
The Men you see, like you, for *Zion* came
I' th' Right Way to that Stile, but left the same,
Cause there Life's Way was rough, the Meadow plain;
Where by *Despair* the Giant they were ta'en,
And into *Doubting Castle's* Dungeon cast;
Their Eyes the Giant did put out at last,
And left them 'mongst the Tombs, their Days to waste.
¶ *Such as have Ways of Understanding fled,*
Go to the Congregation of the Dead.
With Tears the Pilgrims on each other star'd,
But not how th' Nail was hit o' th' Head declar'd.
On a Hill side, thence to a Door they go,
The Way of Hypocrites to Hell they show;

* *First Mount* Error. † *Tim.* 2. 17, 18. ‖ *Mount* Caution. ¶ *Prov.* 21. 26.

Such

...ch as their Birth-right, *Esau* like, despis'd,
...ch as like *Judas*, sell their Master Christ;
... *Alexander* like, speak Blasphemy,
... *Ananias* and *Saphira* lye.

Hope. These all, like us, of Pilgrimage made shew.

Shep. Both Time and VVay, they long kept in it too.

Pilgr. VVe've need for Strength unto the Strong to cry.

Shep. And need to use the Grace of the most High.
Themselves now and the Shepherds both agreed,
The Pilgrims for Mount *Zion* should proceed.
Them Company the Shepherds forwards bear
Unto a † Mountain's Top; its Name was *Clear*.
Thro' their Prospective Glass they bad them look,
VVhose Hands so much at their late Prospects shook,
They could behold but faintly, thro' the Glass,
Something o' th' Gate and Glory of the Place.
Then took their leaves, and as they went along,
VVith Joy, together sang the Following Song.

Thus by the Shepherds Secrets are reveal'd,
Which from all other Men remain conceal'd;
Come to the Shepherds then, who Things most rare,
Mysterious, Deep and Useful, will declare.

One Shepherd of the VVay gave them a Note,
Th' next bid them be not by th' Flatterer caught;
The Third, not sleep upon Enchanted Ground;
The Fourth, God speed: And here my Dream unwound.
I dreamt again, and saw the Pilgrims go
From th' Mountains, tow'rds the City, now below.

† *Mount* Clear.

On

On th' Left comes from *Conceit* a Crooked Road,
Whence came one *Ign'rance* into th' Way of God;
The Lad was brisk, whom *Christian* ask'd his Name,
His Country's, and the Place from whence he came.
He told him, and said he, I seek Heaven's Gate.

Chr. The Hardship is to enter in thereat.

Ign. I shall have Neighbour's Fare. *Chr.* How know you (that

Ign. I know Heaven's Will, live well, my Debts I pay,
Leave all, give Alms, pay Tithes, and Fast and Pray.

Chr. But in cam'st not by the true Door, but in
By Crooked Ways of *Ignorance* and *Sin*;
I doubt at last, whate'er is thy Belief,
They'll treat thee as a Robber and a Thief.

Ign. You're Strangers, Gentlemen, I know you not;
Your Country Custom you, I mine have got:
All will I hope be well; as for the Door
You name, none here e'er of it heard before;
Nor need they, since our Lane (as you have seen)
Which brought me here so Pleasant is and Green.

Chr. 'Twixt you and I, he does Conceited seem;
† *There's of a Fool more hopes than is of him.*
His Wisdom fails him when he's in the Way,
Who, *I'm a Fool* to every one does say.
We'll leave him now till he my Words has chew'd,
Then stop to see if they have done him good.

Hope. That *Ign'rance* yet a little while may muse
On what is said, but let him not refuse

† *Prov.* 26. 12.

Good Counsel to embrace, least he remain
Ignorant of what's the Chiefest Gain.
God, that has, have more abundant Faith,
He that has none, shall lose what Grace he hath.
This is, as yet, no more he from us hear,
Ev'n as he shall be able let him bear.
As thro' a Lane as dark as Pitch they past,
Sev'n Fiends, with sev'n strong Cords had bound one fast.
Now carrying him they saw to th' Door of Hell
They'd seen, at which they both a Trembling fell.

Chr. Sure of † *Apostacy* 'tis *Turn away.*

Hope. Who 'tis his Back's Inscription does display.
‖ *Wanton Professor t'e Apostate damn'd.*
This Sight makes me remember what is fam'd
Of *Little Faith*, who here was in that Lane
Which comes from *Broad-Way* Gate with Sleep o'erta'en;
Mistrust, *Faint-heart*, and *Guilt*, three Brothers, rid
Up to him, as he lay asleep, full Speed;
Which wak'd him for his Journey out of hand,
Up they came to him all and bid him stand.
He frighted, had not Pow'r to fight or fly,
Then *Faint-heart* cry'd, Deliver instantly.
Mistrust ran to him, and his Money took,
Then he cry'd Thieves; *Guilt* quickly undertook
To stop his Mouth; so struck him on the Head
With a vast Club, and laid him down for dead.
Some on the Road to be the Thieves they heard;
'Twas *Great Grace*, of ¶ *Good Confidence*, they fear'd:

† *The Town of* Apostacy. ‖ *The Inscription.* ¶ *The City where* Great Grace *dwelt.*

Away they ran, each Rogue to save his Stake,
And left the Man, what Shift he could to make.

Hope. Took they his all? *Chr.* No; most of's spending:
His earthly *Canaan*'s Comfort, Milk and Honey: (Money,
They his Certificate and Jewels left,
Nor was he of his Monies quite bereft:
Yet he at Length was forc'd to beg they say,
And felt much VVant ev'n almost all the way.

Hope. 'Twas well he lost not his Certificate
Of Entrance into the Celestial Gate.

Chr. A Wonder 'twas; by's Skill, nor his Defence,
He did it not, 'twas by Good Providence.

Hope. Sure he rejoyc'd, he did his Jewels save.

Chr. He might: But him they little Comfort gave.
His Money's Loss so much did him dismay,
It took his Joy and Thoughts of them away:
Tho' oft his Comfort they'd to mind recall
The Thoughts of's Loss return'd and swallow'd all.

Hope. Alas! He much must grieve. *Chr.* Ay, much in-
We should, had we been made to beg and bleed, (deed,
Unknown and Poor; 'tis almost past Belief,
To think he did not die thro' Care and Grief:
He scatter'd his Complaints in every Place,
To all he saw or met bemoan'd his Case.

Hope. I wonder he his Jewels did not sell
For Want. *Chr.* You talk like Chicks that have their Shell
Yet on their Heads. How? Or, to whom? None there
Esteem'd them ought: Nor did he want what they
Could to his Comfort yield, which could convey

...m, but Heavenly Good he had been croſt
... more than all the Worlds, had they been loſt.

...pe. But why ſo tart? *Eſau* did's Birth-right ſell,
... chiefeſt: Why not *Little-Faith* as well?

Chr. Like th' Caitiff many ſell their chiefeſt Good,
'Twixt whom and *Little-Faith* 'tis juſt you ſhou'd
...ſtinction make: That Birth-right was you know
... Tipical; theſe Jewels were not ſo:
...w *Eſau*'s Belly was his God, and Carnal
... Appetite: Yea, and his Luſts infernal:
...t *Little-Faith*'s from other Springs did move,
...s Mind, tho' weak, was ſet on Things Above.
Will Men on Hay? Turtles on Carrion live?
Tho' Carnal Ones for Luſts their Birth-rights give;
...t ſuch as have true Faith, tho' ne'er ſo ſmall,
Will not for Trifles give away their All.

Hope. True: Yet even angry at your Taunt I grew.

Chr. Why? Briſker Birds I but compar'd thee to,
...o run from th' Hen; e'er looſned from the Shell.
...rgive it, 'twixt us all will then be well.

Hope. Theſe Rogues were ſure but Cowards, ſince they
... Sounds of Fear? Had *Little-Faith* been one (run
... any Heart, they him no hurt had done.

Chr. They're Cowards call'd which true, but few have
...all Courage did in *Little-Faith* abound: (found
...d thou'rt but for a Bruſh, and then to yield.
... thou art with no greater Courage fill'd,
... ſuch a Diſtance ſhould they now appear,
... Sighe of Danger, I thy Drooping fear.
...o' they be Pedling Thieves, they ſerve the King
... Hell, He'll them (if need) Aſſiſtance bring;

Yea,

Yea, come himself, a Roaring Lion, he
I'm sure that such a One he prov'd to me.
These Villians call'd, when I did them rebuff,
Their Master came, but I was Armour Proof.
Tho I was harnett, 'twas hard Work I found,
With Faithfulness t' 'scape a Mortal Wound.

Hope. At the Name of *Great-Grace*, yet they ran for Fear?

Chr. They and their Master fly if he appear.
'Twixt *Little-Faith* and th' Champion of the King
There Difference is, Who can you like him bring?
All are not Champions skill'd in Feats of War,
Which o' th' true God an' Jesus Servants are:
'Twixt Child, and Man, Wife, Ox, the Weak and strong,
We must distinguish, as 'twixt Right and Wrong.

Hope. Would I had been but *Great-Grace* for his Sake.

Chr. Were you; you might your Pleasure much mistake.
Tho' at his Weapon he is ne'er so Good,
While at Sword's Point they are to be withstood;
Yet 'twould go hard did either with him close;
What one can do when down, who tell me knows.
Mark in *Great-Grace's* Face the Cuts and Scars,
They best demonstrate what he met i' th' Wars.
Yea, Once he said we ev'n of Life despair'd,
How *David*, *Heman*, *Hezekiah* far'd,
In their Assaults, tho' Champions of their Time;
And *Peter* of th' *Apostles* thought the Prime;
They handled him and made him so afraid,
His Zeal's puff'd out by th' Breath of one Poor Maid.
Besides if put to th' worst, so near's their Lord,
(If possible) He'll to 'em help afford.

Against whom the Sword with which they at him strake,
Nor Spear, the Dart, and the Habergeon break;
Iron, Brass and Arrows he accounts as Stubble,
Or rotten Wood, and Stones are as a Bubble.
Had we *Job's* Horse, Courage and Skill to ride,
We might thereon, hope to abate his Pride.
A † *Horse so fierce, his Neck, with Thunders spread,*
The Glory of whose Nostrils strike a Dread;
Who paws the Valley does in's Strength rejoyce,
Meets armed Men, at Fear mocks with his Voice;
Against Swords and rattling Quivers runs amain,
And does the Shield and Glittering Spear disdain:
Swallows the Ground with Fierceness and with Rage,
Minds not the Trumpets, furious to engage.
Neighs louder, smells the Battle from afar,
Loves Captains Thundrings, and the Shouts of War.
But for such Footmen as are you and I
Let us not wish to meet an Enemy,
Nor vaunt, for such by the worst do most Times come.
Well for Christ would all outdo, than whom
None by those Vilians more were foil'd than he.
When we hear such Things done, i'th' Kings High Road,
We the whole Armour on must put of God:
But above all, of Faith must take the Shield,
Or else Leviathan will never yield.
We to go with Us must request our King,
Death's Shade's Vale; this made Good *David* sing.
Moses would die, e'er he'd without him go;
In Thousands fright not while he's with us: O
Not proud Helpers fall beneath the Slain;
Really never wish to try again.

---

* *Job* 41. 26. † *Job* 39. 19. ‖ *Ephes.* 6. ¶ *Exod.* 15.

Father,

Father into Temptation lead me not,
Since safe from Bear and Lyon I am got.
May God preserve me still, then *Christian* sung.

Poor Little-Faith! *Hast been among the Thieves?*
Wast rob'd? Remember this, who so believes.
Strive for more Faith, then shalt ye Victors be
Over Ten Thousands; else scarce over Three.

Still *Ignorance* follow'd; to Two Ways they came,
Both strait, as if they both had been the same:
Here as they stop'd to chuse, but knew not how,
One * *Black*, but cloath'd in White, came to 'em now.
Why stop ye Sirs he said? They cry'd, we go
For *Zion*, but our Way here do not know.
I also go, then follow me he said:
The Way they went, them by Degrees convey'd;
So from the City their desired Place,
At last each from it quite had turn'd his Face.
Yet on they went, 'till they were quite belet
By him, entangled in an evil Net.
Off the white Robe fell from the Black Man's Back,
They saw, but could not now help their Mistake.

Chr. The Shepherds bid us of this Man beware:
† *The Flatterer his Neighbours does ensnare.*

Hope. Our Note we have not read, but trod i' th' Ways
Of the Destroyer, of whom *David* says,
‖ *From the VVorks of Men, by thy Lips VVords I've kept,*
And han't in Paths of the Destroyer stept.
Thus as they wail'd, a Shining One they saw,
Who Whip in Hand, did near unto 'em draw;

* Of black Flesh. † Prov. 29. ‖ Psal. 17. 4.

Who

Who said, Whence came ye hither? Whither bound?
They told him how, where the Ways joyn'd they found
One of Black Flesh but cloath'd in White, who said,
" *Come follow me, I will you right lead,*
" *I go your Way*: Said he with the Whip, This Man
The False Apostle, th'* *Flatterer* was, who can
Into an Angel turn himself of Light.
So rent the Net, and set them free, that they
Might back with him return to the Right Way.
Where said you last? On *Delectable Hills.*
Had you no Caution of the *Flatterer's* Ways,
Nor Note o' th' Way from th' Shepherds? *Pilg.* Yes in-
They bid us of the *Flatterer* too take heed. deed,

Shin-One. Why did you mind nor Cautions nor their Note?

Pilg. That one so fine was *Flatterer* we ne'er thought.
Then as I dream't, he forc'd them down to lay,
† *Chastis'd them sore*, to teach 'em the Good Way:
And said, *Such as I love I chasten; now repent.*
Which done, again them on their Way he sent;
Re-mind the Shepherds Note; No more go wrong:
They thank him; part, then sing the following Song.

" *Come hither ye that walk along the Way,*
" *Hear how the Pilgrims fare that go astray.*
" *They are entangled in an evil Net,*
" *Who do good Counsel to obey forget.*
" *'Tis true, they rescued be, but yet they are*
" *Scourged to make them take the greater Care.*

* *Prov.* 29. 4. *Dan.* 11. 32. 2 *Cor.* 11. 13, 14. † *Rev.* 3. 19.

Now

Now one they saw, a coming them to meet.

Chr. VVho's this from *Zion* has revers'd his Feet?

Hope. Let us beware lest he a *Flatterer* prove.
VVho to 'em came. * *Athiest.* Sirs, whether is't ye move?

Chr. To *Zion's* Mount. With that he laught aloud.

VVhat now? ——

Athiest. 'Tis on your Ignorance bestow'd;
VVho take such Pains that you may nothing gain.

Chr. Think you we shan't Admission there obtain?

Athiest. In all the VVorld there is not such a Place.

Chr. But in the VVorld to come. *Athiest.* Yours was
Like you I thought, went twenty Years to find (my Case.
Utopia out; yet only reapt the Wind.

Chr. We know God is, and Heaven's to be acquir'd.

Athiest. I more and further have than you aspir'd.
In vain tow'rds Heaven, and now return again,
T'enjoy my self, and cast off Hopes in vain.

Chr. Sure his Report is false, and he untrue.

Hope. Remember how the *Flatterer* serv'd us too;
And that of *Zion's* Gate we have had a View:
Let's, least the Man that scourg'd us catch us, fly;
Round in your Ears your Lesson now will I

* *His Name was Atheist.*

Hear

not Instructions which will make us err;
That tends to save our Souls believe and hear.

Chr. I out of Doubt did not the Question start,
'Twas but to try the Soundness of thy Heart.
We † *this World's God* know *does him blind in Sin*;
We Truth believe, and know no Lyes therein.

Hope. I of God's Glory do in Hope rejoice.
Off *Atheist* went, loud-laughing at their Choice.
I dreamt they enter'd on Enchanted Ground,
Where mighty Drowsiness the Pilgrims found.
I am so drowsy, I have hardly Pow'r
To stand, let's sleep. *Chr.* No, least we wake no more.

Hope. Why? Sleep's to Trav'ller's sweet. *Chr.* That's to be
But yet not safe upon Enchanted Ground. (own'd,
The Shepherds bid us on it not to sleep
Like others, but being sober, ‖ *Watch to keep.*

Hope. I own my Fault: Had I been here alone,
I might have dy'd: Thus Two are prov'd than One
Much better; thou shalt have a good Reward.

Chr. 'Gainst Sleep let Talk a Remedy afford.

Hope. With all my Heart. *Chr.* But where shall we begin,

Hope. Where God began with us. *Chr.* A good Design.
First to more Liveliness to bring
Our Selves, a Song I'll to you sing.

Lest Saints should on Enchanted Ground
Grow sleepy, let their Praise resound;

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* Prov. 19. 27. *Heb.* 10. 39. † 1 *John* 2. 12. ‖ 1 *Thes.* 5. 6.

Or

Or else by Talk which edifies,
Keep ope their drowzy slumb'ring Eyes.
Saints Fellowship, if manag'd well,
Will conquer all the Charms of Hell.

Chr What made you first pursue what now you seek?

Hope. What my Souls Good? *Chr.* You do my Meaning speak.

Hope. In Vanity of Vanities I found
Long Pleasures, 'till ev'n in Perdition drown'd.

Chr. What Vanities? *Hope.* What Worldlings live and die in,
As Riches, Riots, Drinking, Swearing, Lying,
Whoredom, Love, Oaths, Murders and all you can
Now learn from Honour's Modern Gentleman.
At last I found, by hearing Things Divine
From you and *Faithful*, * *All to Death incline.*
† *That for these Things the Wrath of God on all*
The Children did of Disobedience fall.

Chr. Were you forthwith thereby convinced? *Hope.* No,
Unwilling Sin or Death for Sin to know:
When first touch'd, I o' th' Word oppos'd the Light.

Chr. Why did you so God's Spirit's first Workings slight?

Hope. First Ignorance that 'twas the Work of God,
Not thinking he converted with his Rod;
Sin was to th' Flesh as yet too sweet to leave it,
Of my old Companions I could not bereave it:
Conviction troubled me so much at Heart,
I could not bear't. *Chr.* Did it sometimes depart?

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* *Rom.* 6. 2. † *Eph.* 5. 6.

Hope.

Hope. Yes, but they ſoon return'd with double Pain.

Chr. What was it brought your Sins to Mind again

Hope. To meet good Men, or hear the Bible read;
Of Neighbours ſick; or Bells toll'd for the Dead:
When I heard others of a ſudden die,
Had Thoughts of Death; the Head-ach, or when I
Thought I muſt quickly meet Eternal Doom.

Chr. Sin's Guilt laid heavy when theſe Thoughts did come

Hope. Heavy indeed, and if of going back
To Sin, I thought it put me on the Rack.

Chr. What did you then? *Hope.* My Life ſtrive to amend
Leaſt I ſhould reap Damnation in the End.

Chr. Did you amend? *Hope.* Sinners and Sins I fled,
Took to Religious Duties, pray'd and read;
Bewail'd my Sins, and ſpoke the Truth to all,
And did much more than I to Mind recall.

Chr. What thought you then? *Hope.* I thought my Trou-
Tho' thus reform'd my Troubles ſtill came on. (bles g'ne

Chr. How ſo? *Hope.* Such Texts as theſe th' Occaſions
All filthy Rags your Righteouſneſſes are (were
Unprofitable when y' have done your beſt.
Thought I, I ne'er of Heaven ſhall be poſſeſt:
If God accounts my Works are worth no more,
I'm ſure that I can never quit my Score.

Chr. How to your ſelf, did you ſuch Thoughts apply?

Hope.

Hope. I thought that if my Sins encreast so fast,
never could account for what was past.

Chr. Your Application's good; proceed I pray.

Hope. I then concluded, had I guiltless been
All my past Life, I should deserve for Sin
To die; for now I found in all I did
Sin, Pride, Conceit, and all Corruptions hid.

Chr. Then knew you what to do? *Hope.* No; but my Mind
To *Faithful* told, for him I knew. *Unless* (
said he, *you can obtain the Righteousness*
Of such a Man as yet has never sinn'd,
Yours, nor no others Works can you be-friend.

Chr. Thought you 'twas Truth? *Hope.* Not of my self; by Force
Constrain'd: Since now I knew my Sin and Want (
did the Truth of his Opinion grant.

Chr. But thought you such a Man could e'er be found?

Hope. His Words at first did very strangely sound:
But I was soon convinc'd. *Chr.* But ask'd you who
Would justify you unto God, and how?

Hope. He told me *Jesus* would of his meer Love
Who sits on the Right Hand of God Above.
Believe in him, (you shall be justify'd
Who willingly for your Redemption dy'd:
Tho' his Omnipotence he's now alive,
His Merits to you are imputative.

Chr. What said you? *Hope.* I against it did object,
And thought the Lord had for me no Respect.

Chr.

Chr. What Answer then did *Faithful* to you make?

Hope. *That he that dy'd for every Persons sake,
Did by a Book he gave, all Men invite
To him to come. I cry'd instruct me right:
Said he, with all your Pow'rs his Father pray,
†*His Son and Mercies thro' him to display:*
For, in your Book no Jot or Tittle shall
(Tho' Earth and Heaven dissolve) short of Truth fall.
Where said I to him must I supplicate?
He always sits upon his Mercy Seat,
Said he; said I, I know not what to say.
You must, reply'd he, thus unto him pray.
" Our Heavenly Father, Mercy to me show,
" Make me in Christ believe, and make me know
" Thee and thy Christ, ‖*Jesus whom thou hast sent*;
" Whom true to know is Life most Excellent:
" Eternal Life, thy Mercies magnify
" O Father, thro' him, ev'n in such as I.

Chr. And did you so? *Hope.* Almost continually.

Chr. And did the Father manifest his Son?

Hope. Not a long Time. *Chr.* What thought you then t' have done?

Hope. I thought all Prayers and Hopes to cease; yet too
I always thought what he had told me true:
Therefore thought I, I perish if I cease,
I'll, if I must die, at the Throne of Grace:
Then thought on this; ¶ *Altho' it tarry, wait:*
'Twill surely come; yea, 'twill not tarry late.

*Mat. 11. 28. † Matth. 24. 25. ‖ John ¶ Heb. 2. 3.

At

At last the Father shew'd his Son to me.

Chr. How? *Hope.* Not with Carnal Eyes I did him see;
But with the Eyes of an Enlightned Mind,
'Th' midst of Sorrow for my Filth and Sin:
I thought Hell and Damnation should have been
My Lot; when I from Heaven thought suddenly
Kind Jesus cry'd, Believe thou sav'd shalt be.
Lord, cry'd I to him, I'm a Sinner great.
" *My Grace sufficient is,* he did repeat:
" *He that believes will to me come, and he*
" *Who comes, believes, and shall accepted be:*
" *Who so believes,* * *sha'nt thirst or hunger more.*
But Lord, said I, how shall I thee implore?
How use my Faith, and trust in thee for Pow'r?

Christ. *Sinners into the World I came to save,*
And Righteousness to those that do it crave,
Believing I for such as do their best
† *Fulfil the Law, and all it doth request.*
" ‖ *For, for your Sins I dy'd, and rose, and Reign,*
" ¶ *That you may Life's Justification gain.*
" *I lov'd you, and I wash'd you in my Blood,*
" *From all your Sins, I'n its anointed Flood;*
" *And now all Power in Earth and Heaven is mine,*
" *At Gods Right Hand your Intercessor Reign.*
I found he was the Lord our Righteousness,
And that it was his Blood which made our Peace;
Who did not only all the Law fulfil,
But suffer'd Men his Righteous Blood to spill
On Earth, that freely all may live that will:

* *John* 6. 35. † 1 *Tim.* 1. 15. *Rom.* 10. 4. ‖ *Chap.* 4. ¶ *Heb.* 7. 24, 25.

Which

Which fill'd mine Eyes with Tears, my Heart with Flame
Of Love to Jesus's People, Ways, and Name.

Chr. A Revelation this of Christ indeed.
But to what more Effects did it proceed?

Hope. I saw Christ's Saving Righteousness could give,
How Penitents the Father could receive;
Yet not his Justice wrong: And when I'd known
Christ's Beauty; from it was my Vileness shown:
Which made me long a Holy Life to live,
And Thanks and Praise thereby to Jesus give.
Too worthless I Ten Thousand Fold believe
My Life, is tho' to serve him it I give.
Hopeful as back he look'd I dreamt did find
That *Ignorance* follow'd still in Sight behind;
And told it *Christian* ———

Chr. He don't for us care.

Hope. 'Twould not have hurt him if he had been here.

Chr. That's true; but doubtless, he thinks otherwise.

Hope. However for him stay: Then *Christian* cries
Why stay you so? *Ignor.* I love to walk alone,
Unless I could such as I like light on.
Then *Christian* softly did to *Hopeful* say,
I told you he lik'd not our Company;
However let us entertain him now.

Chr. How d' y', how stands it 'twixt your God and you

Ignor. All's well I hope, my Mind Good Motions fill,
Which Comforts to me as I walk Instill.

Chr. What are they pray? *Ign.* I think of God and Heave
Chr. So Devils do, and Souls of Hopes bereaven.

Ign

Ignor. Of them I think, and them desire to gain.

Chr. So many do what they shall ne'er obtain.
The Sluggard's Soul desires but shall not have.

Ignor. Of them I think, and for them all I leave.

Chr. I doubt it leaving All's to hard: But why
think you for Heaven and God, you all Things fly?

Ignor. My Heart confirms it. *Chr.* th' Fool the Heart believes.

Ignor. An evil Heart, a good one ne'r deceives;
Comforts to me i'th' Hopes of Heaven it gives.

Chr. Hearts, thro' Deceit, do oft give groundless Hopes.

Ignor. My Hopes my Life's Agreement with them props.

Chr. Who told thee that? *Ignor.* My Heart. *Chr.* If God's
Confirm it not, all else no Worth afford. (good Word

Ignor. Good Thoughts and a good Life shew a good Heart.

Chr. Yes, but to be, not think so, is our Part.

Ignor. What Thoughts or Life account you good? *Chr.*
Which Us to Lowliness and Love dispose. (Why those

Ignor. But of our Selves? *Chr.* Such as with Truth agree.

Ignor. As how? *Chr.* Why that *None Righteous is, not one:*
That our Hearts, Thoughts, still into evil run.
When thus we think our selves we have Justice done.

---

* *Prov.* 28. 29.

Ignor.

Ignor. My Heart so bad! I ne'er believe it will.

Chr. Therefore thy Thoughts of it were ever ill.
And as our Hearts are ill so are our Ways,
And till we think of both what Scripture says,
Our Thoughts are ill. *Ignor.* Prove it. *Chr.* Truth does rehearse
Our Ways are naturally Crooked and Perverse.
When thus we humbly think, we think aright.

Ign. What Thoughts of God must we account upright?

Chr. When we think of him, what his Word declares
But to our Selves; when we think of him thus,
Than we our Selves he better knoweth us.
Who Sin hid from us in us can disclose;
Being greater than our Hearts, he all Things knows.
Tho' they condemn us, he'll forgive a Fault,
Who hates the Proud and does the Meek exalt.

Ignor. Think you, I think not God Omniscient?
Of Sins i' th' best I do, I do repent.

Chr. Explain your Self. *Ignor.* Christ justifies alone.

Chr. Say'st so? And yet no Need of him thou'lt own.
Thy Original and Actual Frailties thou
Perceivest not, how canst thou this allow?

Ignor. Yet well enough believe. *Chr.* Believe, but how?

Ignor. That Christ for Sinners dy'd, and justifies
To God from th' Curse, my willing Sacrifice:
Christ my Religious Duties makes to be
(Thro's, Merits) pleasing to the Deity.

Chr. You Christ to justify your Action's make,
And then your Person for your Actions Sake.

You

Your Faith's deceitful, for a Faith that's true,
Makes Souls when they their loſt Condition view
Quite naked, fly when they have done their Beſt,
Their worthleſs Works, wholly on Chriſt to reſt.

Ignor. Such Faith in Chriſt would give our Luſt the Reins,
If Faith in him alone our Safety gains.

Chr. O *Ignorance* indeed, as well as Name,
Think not for Faith, without Good Works I am;
I'd only have you to all Self-hood dice,
And take your Proſpects with a ſingle Eye.

Hope. Have you had Chriſt from Heaven reveal'd? Declare.
What you a Man for Revelations are?

Ignor. Say what you will, y' had better ſave your Pains,
To make me think Whimſies have fill'd your Brains.

Hope. Man Chriſt in God's ſo hid from th' fleſhly Mind,
If's Father draws not, you'll no Saviour find.

Ignor. My Faith's as good as yours, Deſires as warm,
Tho' in my Head not half your Whimſies ſwarm.

Chr. Slight not, Sir *Ignorance*, *Hopeful's* good Advice,
Chriſt is the Gift of God, and not our Choice;
Faith's in us wrought by th' Workings of his Love,
And Chriſt's alone reveal'd, by God above.

Ignor. You go ſo faſt, I cannot hold your Way,
Therefore I leave you then did *Chriſtian* ſay.

" *O Ignorance, wilt thou yet fooliſh be?*
" *Good Counſel ſlight, ſo often given thee.*
" *If ſtill thou wilt refuſe it, thou wilt know*
" *E'er long, the Evil of thy doing ſo.*
" *Yet recollect and take good Counſel well,*
" *Humble thy ſelf, and ſave thy ſelf from Hell;*
" *But if thou wilt not, I will warrant thee,*
" *Thou'lt* (Ignorance) *the only Loſer be.*

I see that we must walk alone again.
(So they; *Ignorance* follows with much Pain.)
I pity him, his End at last I fear.

Hope. Whole Countries, Courts and Cities like him are,
And like him should your equal Pity share.

Chr. He hath blinded them least they should see, 'tis said;
Think you such Men have no Convictions had?

Hope. Speak your own Thoughts, you are the elder Man.

Chr. I think they have, but slight 'em all they can;
And so thro' Ignorance, Hell does them trap in.

Hope. Fear first to Good stirrs up the Inclination.

Chr. **The Fear of the Lord is Wisdom's first Foundation.*
Discovered by three Things: First, by its Rise,
Saving Convictions of our Sins and Vice.
Next it the Soul to Christ for Safety drives.
Lastly, it thence to Reverence God arrives,
His Word and Ways, and fears to turn aside,
Or cause God's Enemies Truth to deride.

Hope. True, We're now e'en off th' enchanted Ground.

Chr. Of such Discourse don't you be weary found.

Hope. No, I would only know but where we are.

Chr. Two Miles and then w'are past th' Enchantment's
The Ignorant know not such Convictions will fear.
Tend to their Good, so seek to stifle 'em still.

Hope. How! *Chr. First,* they think they from the Devil (flow,
Directly tending to their Overthrow.
2. They think they spoil their Faith, tho' they have None.
So 'gainst 'em make their Hearts hard as Stone.
3. Think Fear's a Fault, and so presume on Heaven.
4. And hate to lose their *Pharisaick Leaven.*

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* *Prov.* 17.

Hope. Before I knew my Self 'twas so with me.

Chr. But *Ignorance* now is left behind we see;
So We'll chuse other profitable Talk.

Chr. Some Ten Years past, knew you one *Temporary*?

Hope. He did in * *Graceless* dwell. *Chr.* Ay, Marry.

Hope. A distant Town, Two Miles from † *Honesty*;
He the next Door did to one *Turn-back* dwell.

Chr. And under the same Roof with him 'twas; Well,
He once was much awakened. *Hope.* So he was;
His many Tears did in me Pity cause:
I see, not all are sav'd that cry *Lord, Lord.*

Chr. I knew him once to Pilgrimage accord;
But *Save-self* him from my Acquaintance drew.

Hope. Let's now of such Backslidings take a View.

Chr. Since you request it, pray begin it too.

Hope. I will, and for it these Four Reasons give:
Altho' alarm'd, their Minds unchang'd remain,
So soon their Sense of Guilt wears off again;
And Nature will return like ‖ *Pope* to Pork,
Altho' thou should'st expell it with a Fork:
Such as are hot for Heaven, thro' Fear of Hell,
Cool in their Love, as they their Fears expell.

2. They are o'er Master'd by their slavish Fear;
Their Fear of Men, ¶ *which with it brings a Snare.*

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* *The Town named* Graceless. † *A Town.* ‖ *One of the Popes always us'd to have a Dish of Pork; being sick, his Physicians order'd it not to be brought in; at which the* Pope *being enrag'd said,* Give me my Pork in spight of God; *or as in Ital.* In despetto de Dio. ¶ *Prov.* 29. 25.

...cond Thoughts, say they, we'll be more wise,
...n seek unnecessary Miseries,
Which we can no Ways shun, if we remain:
So ever stroke to embrace the World again.
3. Shame for Religion giveth them Offence,
Which looks too Low for Proud and Haughty Sense:
Therefore when they forget their Fears of Hell,
And Wrath to come, again 'gainst Heaven rebell.
4. To think of Guilt and Terrors grievous are,
And would not Misery see, e'er they it share;
A Prospect which did they but rightly mind,
They'd fly where th' Righteous fly, and Safety find:
For Want of which soon as God's Wrath seems o'er,
They in their Sins are harden'd Seven Times more.

Chr. You've very well the Case of such explain'd,
Only the Fears they feel just when Arraign'd
Of Death for Sin, make such seek Heaven and God,
Who mind him only when they feel his Rod.

Hope. I've shewn you why, shew me how such backslide.

Chr. At first they cause their Heart's Thoughts to roam
Quite off from God, Judgment and Death to come.
2. 'Gainst secret Sins they cease to watch and pray;
3. From Warm and Lively Christians turn away.
4. From Publick Duties by Degrees withdraw:
5. To hide their Shame in good Men seek a Flaw.
6. To th' Carnal Loose and VVanton next adhere.
7. Debauch in secret, then at good Men sneer:
8. Then openly in little Sins appear.
9. VVhich hard'ning them, they freely shameless are.
And Launch into the Gulf of Misery;
A Million to one in their Deceivings die.
And now I dreamt, beyond th' Enchanted Ground;
* *Beulah*'s delightful Land the Pilgrims found.

* *Psa.* 62. 4.

Th...ir

The Air was ſweet, their VVay direct and plain;
Here they a while for their Delight remain.
The VVinged Choriſters here ever ſing
Sweet Lays, inſpir'd by a perpetual Spring.
And in the Land the Turtles Voice was heard;
In the Meridian, ſtill the Sun appear'd.
The Valley of Death's Shadow hence was far,
Here was no *Doubting Caſtle* nor *Deſpair*.
The Holy City hence with Eaſe was kenn'd,
Here often would her Shining Ones deſcend:
The *Bride* and *Bridegroom*'s Contracts here renew'd,
And God's rejoycing over them is ſhew'd:
Here Corn and VVine they in Abundance gain;
And what they ſought, ev'n * *all good Things obtain*.
They from the City heard this cry'd amain.

To Zion's Daughter ſing and ſay,
Now her Salvation ſee ſhe may;
Thy all condeſcending King
Thee his Reward does with him bring.

The Pilgrims now, ſo here the People all;
To th' Lord redeem'd, ſought out, and holy call.
Here as they walk'd, they could the City view,
And of what Stones it was erected too:
They VValls of Pearls and Precious Stones behold;
The Streets were pav'd with pure Tranſparent Gold.
And ſuch a Glory from the City ſhone,
They with Deſire fell ſick to think thereon;
And cry'd as with the Pangs thereof they ſtrove,
† *Tell our beloved we are ſick of Love.*
Then gaining Strength their Way does nearer bring
Them to the L' Horts and Vineyards of the King;

* *The Holy Spirits latter Day Effuſion.* † *Canticles.*

The Gard'ners all ſtand ready in the Road,
To welcome them to th' Gardens of their God:
And into them to Taſt the Fruits they ſtept,
Then down in pleaſant Arbours ſate and ſlept:
Now as they ſlept, I heard they convers'd more
Than in their Journey they did e'er before;
I ſought the Cauſe, the Gard'ner did me ſhew't,
Muſe not ſaid he, The Nature of the Fruit,
Which goes ſo ſweetly down, it is does make
The Lips of ſuch as are aſleep to ſpeak
When they awoke, they took their Leaves, and on
They went; but ſo the City's Glory ſhone,
With open Face they could it not behold:
Lo! now they met two Men in ſhining Gold,
Whoſe Faces were Illuſtrious as the Light,
Theſe ask'd the Men what Pains and what Delight
They had paſs'd thro'; who told them, then ſaid they,
Two Difficulties yet but croſs your way;
Then you'll into the City Entrance gain.
The Pilgrims ſaid, Let us be of your Train.
Ang. You ſhall; but Entrance muſt by Faith obtain.
But now I ſaw a deep and mighty Stream
Did intervene betwixt the Gate and them;
They at the *Stygian Floods* were much amaz'd,
And much deſir'd ſome other Way t' have paſſ'd.
The Shining Ones reply'd, In vain you ſtrive,
You this Way only can at Heaven arrive.
None *Enoch* and *Elijah's* VVays repair,
Till Chang'd and Caught up to the Lord i'th' Air.
The Pilgrims both, but chiefly *Chriſtian*, knew
(In his old Plight) not now what he ſhould do:
Said they is't deep? Alike from Side to Side,
Tho' we can't help you th' Angels now reply'd;
But know you this, its Depth will be when try'd;
According as you in Our King confide.

Then

Then both ſtept in off from the River's Brink,
Soon *Chriſtian* cry'd to *Hopeful*, Friend I ſink.
In Waters deep the Billows o'er me ah!
And all his VVaves and Storms have paſt, *Selah.*

Hope. Chear up, I feel the Bottom, and 'tis Good.

Chr. Ah me! I fear I ſhall not paſs the Flood.
Darkneſs and Horrors great on *Chriſtian* fell,
VVho neither what he ſaid, or did, could tell.
Like ſuch as on their Death's Bed gaſping are,
You nothing from them but Confuſion hear.
Here all his Sins now ſtar'd him in the Face,
And Death and Hell; hard was poor *Chriſtian's* Caſe.
Hopeful could ſcarce keep's Head above the Waves;
Oft down he ſinks, and oft above them raves.

Hope. Courage; the Men I waiting for us ſee.

Chr. Ah! Brother 'tis for you they wait, not me;
VVere I belov'd, I had eſcap'd the Snare.

Hope. Mind what the Text o' th' wicked does declare.
None in their Death have Hand, their Strength is whole,
No Plagues or Troubles in it vex their Soul.
Theſe Troubles ſhew not God here left you hath;
They are but the laſt Tryals of your Faith.
Chear up for Jeſus Chriſt thee whole has made.
Chriſtian thereat rejoyc'd, cry'd out and ſaid,
" *I ſee and hear him ſay I with thee go,*
* *Thro' all the Floods none ſhall thee o'erflow.*
My Fears are loſt, now find I Ground to ſtand;
Hence went they ſafe to th' Angels on the Land.

Angels. VVe for you th' Heirs of Salvation wait,
T' attend and eaſe you up to *Zion's* Gate.

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* *Pſa.* 40. 2.

Their

Their Mortal Robes i'th' River left behind,
The Steep Ascent they very easy find.
Sweetly Discoursing with the Heavenly Crouds;
As they transcend the Regions of the Clouds:
Being (now Triumphant o'er Things Transitory,)
Entering into inutterable Glory:
Mount *Zion* Celestial *Jerusalem*.
Numberless Angels, and the Spirits of them
VVho perfect are; the Paradice of God,
VVhere th' Tree of Life in Common is bestow'd,
There in white Robes shall you talk to, and sing
Th' Eternal Praise of *Zion*'s God and King:
Here you no more inferiour Things shall view,
All Former Things are gone, all Present New.
Prophets, *Apostles*, *Patriarchs* there you'll see,
And shall with *Abraham*, *Isaac*, *Jacob*, be.

Pilg. VVhat we must do in Heaven make to us known.

Ang. Rejoyce, not toil, and reap what you have sown;
VVear Crowns of Gold, still see the Holy one,
VVho there will as he is, be to you known.
And there his Praises forth for ever show,
VVhom you so much desir'd to serve below:
There all your Senses shall with Joys be crown'd,
And all that after come shall greet, arround,
VVith Glory and with Majesty bedight.
Be to ride forth with Glory's Sovereign fit,
VVhen he with Sound of Trump shall in the Clouds.
On VVings of all the VVings with Heavenly Crouds;
Sit on a Throne to judge the VVorld beneath,
And Sentence Sinners, Devils, Hell and Death;
Because they him and you have crucify'd;
Then with him back to Heaven in Triumph ride.

Now, now, look how the Holy Pilgrims ride;
Clouds are their Chariots, Angels are their Guide.

Who

Who would not for him here all Hazards run?
Who thus receives us when the World is done.

Fresh Heavenly Hosts, Come forth to meet 'em now,
To whom the Shining Ones their Pilgrims show.
These are, say they, such as have lov'd our Lord;
For him left all his Name on Earth ador'd.
And we who their own Guardian Angels are,
Have safely brought (them as you see) thus far:
That now with Joy they see their Saviour may.
Blessed (with mighty Shouts, Heavens Hosts did say,)
Are those call'd to the Marriage of the Lamb.
Now the Kings Trumpeters forth to meet them came,
And made the Heavens with Melodies around,
Of Trumpets and Harmonious Shouts resound:
Them on all Sides the Heavenly Hosts enclose,
As thro' the upper Regions all arose:
With mighty Shouts and louder Harmonies,
Heavens *Opera* seem'd as glorious to the Eyes
As if they had drawn up the Curtain of the Skies.
When Saints rejoice, the Pilgrims all around,
Th' Angels to intermix their Musick Sound.
All signify their Universal Joy,
And Words and Songs to welcome them employ.
Thus they the first Fruits of Heaven arrive:
Now of the City they have perfect View,
Warm Thoughts of Joy immediate Joy renew.
Their glorious Company does them surpize,
And now the Feast their Thoughts, Desires, and Eyes,
With inutterable inconceivable Glories.
Over the City Gates they did behold
Written in Characters of Living Gold

They are Blessed, they are true,
Who do his Commandments do,
They have Right with his Delight,

Of

Of Life's Tree to come and eat
In th' City, thro' the Gate.

Their Angels bid the Men knock at the Gate,
Which when they'd done, some from above thereat,
As *Enoch*, *Moses* and *Eliah*, down
Upon the Pilgrims lookt, whose Angels said
That these their Pilgrims from *Destruction* had;
Came to Mount *Zion*, for the Love they bore,
Almighty God the Monarch they adore.
Then each gave in his own Certificate.
Which carry'd were unto the King, thereat.
He asked where they were without the Gate.
'Twas answer'd; to the which reply'd the King,

Set ope the Everlasting Gate.,
Let th' righteous Nation in thereat;
Such as love my Truth and Grace,
Such shall see me Face to Face,

The Gates set ope, I as they entred there
Dreamt, that they alter'd, and transfigured were,
Them clad in glorious Robes I did behold,
And to them given Harps and Crowns of Gold:
Crowns them to Honour, Harps to praise their God,
The City round these Acclamarions roar'd,
Into the Joy now enter of our Lord.
To which themselves did with this Song accord.

All Glory, Blessing, Honour Pow'r
To him that sits upon the Throne,
For ever and for evermore,
Be to the Lamb, and Holy One.

The Streets were pav'd with pure Transparent Gold,
Saints in their Hands Victorious Palms did hold,
And Crowns of Glory were on all bestow'd,
With Golden Harps to praise the Lord their God.

Some

Some who had Wings inceſſantly ador'd,
Saying *Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord.*
At which the Gates were ſhut, o' th' glorious Scene,
No more muſt by imperfect Eyes be ſeen.
Then back I look't, and ſaw that *Ignorance* came
Up to the River, ſoon he paſs'd the ſame.
No Troubles he did like good *Chriſtian* meet,
Nor in the Floods, ſo much as dipt his Feet.
Vain-hope a Ferry man did waft him o'er
The *Stygian* Waters, to the Heavenly Shore.
Up Hill he went, as th' other Two had done,
But unencourag'd, up he went alone.
And when he'd read the Writing o'er the Gate,
He knock'd, expecting Entrance in thereat,
He quickly ſhould without Obſtruction gain.
But he was ask'd by one above the Gate,
Whence came you and for what? He ſaid *I have eat*
And drank in Preſence of the King; who taught
Us in our Streets: Then ſaid he, have you brought
Our King's Certificate, that too him we
May ſhew your Roll, and you admitted be.
Tho' he had none, he fumbled in his Breaſt:
Said they y' have none: No Anſwer he expreſt.
Then to the King they went, and told his Caſe,
Who came not down, nor let him ſee his Face.
At whoſe Command the Angels back repair,
Bind *Ignorance* Hand and Foot, and thro' the Air,
Convey'd him to the Door I earſt had ſeen
I' th' Side o' the Hill, and caſt him bound therein;
Then from the Gates of Heaven there was I ſound,
A Way to Hell's unfathomable Sound;
Where Fire unquencht, mingled with Water lies,
As well as from *Deſtruction.* Thro' Surprize
I woke, my Dream into a Shadow flies.

FINIS.

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